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WASHINGTON LETTER.

From Our Regular Correspondent

Washington, September 4 1893.

Ex-Speaker Reed has never displayed his great ability as a ready debater and an exponent of parliamentary law and precedent than during the debate on the new rules, now going on in the House. The "kicking" democrats, of whom there are quite a number, have gladly followed his leadership, in exposing the weak points in the proposed rules, which he has been merciless in doing. The "ring democrats," as several of the "kickers" have called those who unquest ionably follow Speaker Crisp, have no man to pit against the ex-Speaker in debate, and since the bitter experience of Speaker Crisp when he left the chair and attempted to combat Mr. Reed, they no longer try, contenting themselves with out-voting him and his followers, and upon several occasions they have found that very difficult to do. The administration is in no hurry for the House to adopt its new rules; hence the adjournment from Saturday until Wednesday. The ways and Means committee is at work on the tariff bill—fourteen days of public hearings began today—and Mr. Cleveland has no other work cut out for the House just yet and he is not anxious for it to strike out at a go-as-you-please gait.

History is repeating itself in the silver fight in the Senate. The Southern Senators who have been relied upon by the silver men from the Northwest to aid them in preventing a vote upon the unconditional repeal of the purchasing clause of the silver law are slowly but surely going over to the administration, and during the last two or three days the prospect for an early vote has very much improved, although the thick and thin silver men still say they will fight to the last, but it is plain to be seen that they are no longer confident of success, as they were but a few days ago. Space forbids mention of the numerous causes assigned for this change, although a vigorous wielding of the party whip by Senators Vorhees and Gorman and some judicious promises of patronage on the part of Mr. Cleveland cannot be overlooked as factors. The populist Senators are also regarded as doubtful by the silver men, Senator Peffer having publicly stated that while he would vote against unconditional repeal he would not take part in or aid in any effort to prevent a vote by fillibustering. The populists privately say that they expect the passing of the bill by the Senate to greatly increase their party in South and Northwest, because of their belief that all of the free-silver voters will join them. Senator Hansbrough, of North Dakota, has proposed an amendment, which he thinks would satisfy the silver men and not be vetoed by the President. It provides for the retirement of all paper money of a less demomination than $20 and of all gold coins less than $20, including national bank currency, and the issuing of silver certificates therefor, to be based upon silver purchased at the market price and coined into standard silver dollars as fast as the currency is retired. That amendment is now in the hands of the Finance committee.

Several special trains left here yesterday for the encampment at Indianapolis, filled with G. A. R. men and their families. The fact that the tickets included a visit to the World's Fair largely increased the crowd from Washington.

No more complete back-down was ever made by a member of any President's cabinet than that of Hoke Smith on the pension suspensions which have been such a marked feature of the democratic administration. The public reason given for the back-down is far from the real cause of it. It gradually entered the mind of Mr. Cleveland, who was the originator of the wholesale pension suspension system, that the statements of such democrats as Senators Gorman, Vorhees and Palmer, and Representative Holman, as the certainty of the wreck of the democratic party if the administration policy was continued, were worth thinking about, and while he was thinking about it he heard from numerous other men who had been democrats but had forsworn the party on account of its bad treatment of the old soldiers. Then he became panic-stricken at the prospect and Hoke Smith was ordered to close the suspension factory, and issue an order telling the poor pensioners how sorry the administration was for them. It is a fact that the administration was sorry—sorry that it dare not keep on suspending pensioners.

One thing is already given out as certain by the democratic members of the House ways and Means committee, and that is by no means reassuring to the poor man. It is stated by members of the committee that it has been informally decided that the sugar bounty shall be abolished and a duty put upon foreign sugar higher than that proposed in the Mills bill. That will be burning the candle at both ends sure enough, as far as the wage-earners are concerned—lowering his earnings and increasing the price of his necessities.

A VICTOY AT LAST.

Single handed, in this county at least, THE REPUBLICAN has been fighting the unjust, injurious and unpatriotic ruling of Secretary Hoke Smith suspending the pensions of Union Soldiers. Frist, THE REPUBLICAN took up the question from the standpoint of public policy and justice to those who had fought the nation's battles suffering the terrible hardships of that day of war and carnage. Later, we considered the legality of the ex-rebel's action and asked that it be tested in the courts of the United States. Ex-Deputy Commissioner of Pensions Lincoln, Senator Gallinger of New Hampshire and Representatives Dalzell, of Pennsylvania, all firm friends of the old soldiers, voluntarily took up the veterans' cause, and several test cases were in course of preparation.

In the fight THE REPUBLICAN has not been sustained as it should have been by its republican contemporary, yet we have dohe what we could to call the ex-rebel's attention to the great wrong he was doing to the brave boys who made him hunt his hole thirty years ago and his order, which will be found in anothr column of this paper, really announces that in view of the threatened proceedings and of the fact that the Secretary's attention has been called to the legal aspect of the case, he has decided that the former position taken by the Department was untenable and that in future there will be no suspensions except in cases where the record shows on the face that the soldier was not entitled to any pension whatever. This is exactly what THE REPUBLICAN has been contending for. To suspend pensions that had been granted under a former Administration in accordance with Department rules then existing was manifestly contrary to law, contrary to justice and contray to common sense.

Let the veterans rejoice at the light which THE REPUBLICAN has shed upon this question, and let us all be thankful that the unfriendly powers that be have been forced to retreat from the position they had taken before it has worked still greater havoc in the ranks of our deserving veterans; and we are gratified to think it has been done at the outset instead of at the close of a long legal fight. They have been forced out of a wrong position which they took cheerfully; so far, so good. But THE REPUBLICAN has no faith in the purity of their intentions; they will still place every obstacle in the way of the honest execution of the spirit of the pension laws that they can. They have still no love for the old soldier and every soldier's vote should be recorded from this day forth against Cleveland and his whole rebel gang.

VOTED THE DEMOCRATIC TICKET LAST FALL AND LOST HIS PENSION.

We met an old time republican on the streets yesterday, he lives some distance from Bellefonte. He is one of the pensioners of the government whom Hoke Smith has suspended because the man can work a little and does it. He showed us his order of suspension and made the remark that he voted the democratic ticket last fall. We replied, you have got your pay for your treason to the best party that ever was organized in this or any other county. Just wait, he said, our township used to give 250 republican majority. Last fall it gave only forty, this year it will give over 250. Just you wait and see. Why there are democrats in our township that never voted for a republican in their lives, and they say that they will now never vote another democrat as long as they live. Now this is so. When such men as (Here he mentioned the names of life-long democrats) say they are done with the democratic party they mean what they say. The republicans have a good ticket and so have the democrats but if Harter gets out and works he is bound to be the next Sheriff, but they say Harter will not work. We assured him that Harter was going to do his whole duty and it remained for each and every republican to do his duty. No voting the democratic ticket this fall. He was a Cooke man and said that if Cook had been nominated he would have been elected by a thousand majority. We said Cook is now a Harter man and will do all he can for Harter and every one else on the ticket. That is right, he said, if he does that he will be the Sheriff three years hence as sure as faith; nothing can prevent it.

Having closed part of the mills and shops of the country, Democratic free traders now argue that it is a good time to make the job complete. The blame can be thrown on that poor old scapegoat, the Sherman law.

THE Republican state ticket is deserving of an old time Pennsylvania majority.

HOKE SMITH'S hatred of the Union veterans cannot be concealed.

STATE CONVENTION.

The Republican State Convention was held at Harrisburg last Wednesday, and was a harmonious body throughout. Hon. David Newlin Fell, of Philadelphia, and Col. Samuel M. Jackson, of Armstrong county, were nominated for Supreme Judge and State Treasurer, respectively, by acclammation. No other candidates names were presented.

Ex-Senator Hood, of Indiana Co. was elected as temporary chairman, and ex. Senator Packer, of Tioga Co. permanent chairman of the convention. District Attorney Graham, of Philadelphia, nominated Judge Fell for Supreme Judge, which was seconded by Hugh Eastburg, of Bucks, and Wm. H. Cox, of Beaver. Judge Neale, of Armstrong, nominated Col. Jackson for State Treasurer.

RESOLUTIONS.

The Republicans of Pennsylvania, in convention assembled, reaffirming their adhesion to the declaration of principles adopted by the National Republican Convention of 1892 resolve:

That we demand the immediate and unconditional repeal of the purchasing clause of the act of Congress entitled "an act directing the purchase of silver bullion and the issuing of treasury notes thereon," approved July 14th, 1890. We congratulate the country upon the recent prompt and patriotic action of the House of Representatives, and request the Senators from Pennsylvania to support similar legislation now pending in the Senate.

We favor the extension of the circulating medium of the country until the same shall amount to forty dollars per capita of our population, and approve the proposition to issue to National banks notes to the par value of the bonds deposited to secure their circulation. In this connection we repeat the following declaration of the last Republican National Convention: "The American people, from tradition and interest, favor bimetallism, and the Republican party demands the use of both gold and silver as standard money, with such restrictions and under such provisions to be determined by legislation, as will secure the maintenance of the parity of values of the two metals so that the purchasing and debt paying power of a dollar, whether of silver, gold or paper, shall be at all times equal. The interests of the producers of the country, its farmers, its workingmen, demand that every dollar, paper or coin, issued by the Government, shall be as good as any other." Further, we declare that the obligations of the Government should be discharged in money approved and current in all civilized nations, and to that end that a largely increased reserve of gold should be gradually accumulated and maintained.

Swiftly upon the heels of Democratic success in 1892 has followed unprecedented national distress. A ruinous fall in the price of farm and other products and manufactures; the closing of workshops, factories and mills: the reduction of the wages of labor; the discharge of workingmen from employment; the cessation of railroad extenston and diminution of traffic; bankruptcy and the suspensions of banks, are to-day the only monuments of their triumph. The present condition of the country is mainly due to the conviction that a vital attack will be made upon the American system of protection. We reiterate the belief we have often expressed that the maintenance of an adequate and staple system of protective duties is essential to the well being of the nation and the prosperity of labor and capital, and protest against any amendments to the McKinley bill until it shall have been fairly tested and judged by its practical operation.

The heroic sacrifices and unfaltering patriotism ofthe Union soldiers and sailors in the great War of the Rebellion created a debt of gratitude that the nation can never pay, and the Republican party, ever mindful of the loyal services, and grateful for their heroism, renews its declarations of friendship for the surviving veterans, and its advocacy of liberal pensions, and so far as possible, will not only contribute to their comfort in their declining years, but will hold in sacred memory their priceless and distinguished services on the field of battle. The National Democratic administration, in the appointment of officers in charge of the Interior Department at Washington, who are hostile to these surviving veterans, deserve the condemnation of every loyal citizen in the nation, and the Republican party of Pennsylvania emphatically denounces the acts by which the heroes of the Republic are being arbitrarily deprived of their pensions as unworthy of the patriotic American people and as reflecting discredit upon the great Republic made perpetual by the loyal services of the Union soldiers and sailors.

We demand the enactment and enforcement of immigration laws which shall effectually prohibit the importation of ignorant and undesirable immigrants. Our intelligent workingmen should not be obliged to compete with such labor.

We recommend that the representation in the Republican National Convention of 1896 be based upon the Republican vote at the Presidential election of 1892, and that the Republican National committee issue its call accordingly.

Representation in future State conventions shall be based upon the vote cast at the Presidential or Gubernatorial election immediately preceding, one delegate being allotted to each legislative district for every 2,000 Republican votes and an additional delegate for a fraction exceeding 1,000 votes, and each district to have at least one delegate.

We commend the action of the last Legislature in this State in setting apart from the revenues of the Commonwealth an additional million dollars to defray the cost of public schools, thus increasing the appropriation for that purpose to $5,500,000 per annum and relieving the burden of local taxation to that event. This act again for cibly illustrates the integrity of the Republican party in redeeming its pledges for the reduction of taxation.

SKETCH OF THE NOMINEES.

David Newlin Fell is at present a judge of the common pleas court in Philadelphia. He was born in Bucks county, Pennsylvania, in November, 1840, and enlisted in the army at the outbreak of the Rebellion with a company of students. He rose from the rank of lieutenant to that of major of the One Hundred and Twenty-second Pennsylvania volunteers. At the close of the war Judge Fell began the study of law with his brother and was admitted to the bar in 1866. He forged to the front rapidly in his profession and in 1877 Governor Hartranft appointed him to a vacancy in the common pleas court of Philadelphia. Since then Judge Fell has been twice elected judge without opposition.

Colonel Samuel McCartney Jackson, the nominee for state treasurer, is nearly sixty years old. He is president of the Apollo savings bank and is also secretary and treasurer of the firm of P. H. Laufman & Co., limited, manufacturers of sheet iron, &c. Colonel Jackson has an excellent war record, having distinguished himself at South Mountain, Fredericksburg, Gettysburg and the Wilderness. He has served in both branches of the state legislature and was internal revenue collector for the Twenty-third Pennsylvania district during President Arthur's term.

Col. B. F. Gilkeson, of Bucks county, was chosen chairman of the republican state committee to succeed General Reeder, who refused to serve any longer.

Colonel John A. Glenn, of Philadelphia, was elected secretary of the committee to succeed Frank Willing Leach, who retires on account of ill health. Squire Fetterolf, of Montgomery, resident clerk of the house of representatives, and Jere B. Rex of Huntingdon, reading clerk of the house, were chosen assistants to Colonel Glenn.

GOING INTO "RETREAT."

The announcement that Secretary Carlisle is to go into "retreat" for a month in order to give his undivided attention to the framing of a tariff bill is plainly intended for Mugwump consumption. To the people who do not live in lunar atmosphere the statement contains evidence that the Secretary of the Treasury is beating a "retreat" from the pie brigade that has been encamped of late at the federal capltal. He might be in worse business than peddling patronage. That is a trivial offense in comparsion with taking bread from American labor by smashing American industries.

THEY STARVED THEM THEN, THEY WOULD STARVE THEM NOW.

The rebels starved union soldiers to death at Andersonville and other prisons throughout the south. They, with the rebel Hoke Smith at their head and the renegade Lochren to assist him, would and are starving them to death now, and here is an instance.

JACOB BUCK, of Franklin county, served four years as a cavalryman in the late Rebellion. His pension was suspended a few weeks ago, and being too poor to buy bread, committed suicide by hanging. Carry the news to Hoke Smith.

NOW THAT Congress has been aroused to the necessity of suspending the purchase of silver, how would it do to suspend immigration for a year or so?—*New York Herald.*

That is an idea worthy the attention of Congress. The country is full of unemployed workingmen and the times are hard. Winter is coming and the Democratic party is in power. Why should we bring over countless thousands of immigrants to mingle with the crowds in the streets?

Hoke Smith's backdown on the pension business leaves sundry Bourbon organs in a sorry and silly plight.

HOKE SMITH READS "THE REPUBLICAN" AND HEEDS ITS WARNING.

Will Now Stop Suspending Pensions.

The vigorous campaign conducted by THE REPUBLICAN and other papers through out the country against the arbitrary and illegal wholesale suspensions of pensions has at last aroused Secretary Hoke Smith and Commissioner Lochren to the danger of their position and forced them to a complete backdown. They learned with alarm of the test case to be brought by Colonel Charles H. Lincoln in the form of mandamus proceeding in the Supreme Court of the District of Columbus, and an analysis of the law on the subject which Colonel Lincoln prepared, and which was published in THE REPUBLICAN of last week has made them feel that their action is untenable

It is probable also that the coming national encampment of the G. A. R. has had a strong influence, for the last week Commissioner Lochren issued an order modifying the practice of the office as to suspensions of pensions. The most important change is that which directs that hereafter there will be no suspensions except where the record shows on its face that the soldier was not entitled to any pension whatever. It is believed, however that the number who will come under this class will be very small. The order reads as follows:

"DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
"BUREAU OF PENSIONS,
"WASHINGTON, Aug. 26.

"Order No 240:

"In the re-examination of all cases allowed under section 2 of the act of June 27, 1890, the practice of the Bureau is hereby changed and modified as follows:

"First—Where it appears prima facie on the face of the papers that the pensioner was not entitled to any rating the payment of the pension shall at once be suspended and the pensioner notified that he will be dropped from the rolls, after sixty days from such notice, unless he shall in the meantime file competent evidence showing his right to a pension.

"Second—Where on the face of the papers it appears that the pensioner is entitled to a less rate than he is now receiving, he shall be notified that his pension will be reduced to such less rate, unless within sixty days from such notice he shall file competent evidence of his right to a higher rating.

"Third.—Where it appears on the face of the paper that the pensioner had been allowed a pension under a prior law and that he is not entitled, under the act of June 27, 1890, to any higher rate of pension than was so allowed under such prior law, he shall be notified that his pension under the act of June 27, 1890, will be dropped and his pension under such prior law restored, unless within sixty days from such notice he shall file competent evidence that he is entitled to a higher rate than was granted by his pension under such prior law.

"Fourth.—Every notice shall inform the pensioner that upon his application to the Commissioner he will be immediately ordered for examination by a local medical board to enable him to obtain the necessary evidence to show his right to pension.

"Fifth.—When any pensioner shall have complied with the requirement of such notice and furnish evidence tending to support his claim to be continued on the rolls, the case shall at once be a 'special case' and be promptly adjudicated. There will be no preliminary suspension in any case hereafter, except as provided in the first sub-division of this order.

"WILLIAM LOCHREN, Commissioner
"Approved HOKE SMITH, Secretary."

In speaking of this new order Commissioner Lochren said:

The Secretary has for some time questioned the fairness of the practice of the Pension Bureau, which suspended pensions during inquiry as to the right of a a pensioner to the pension rate he was receiving. At his request the whole matter has been carefully considered, and the present order modifying that practice so as not to suspend in doubtful cases has been agreed to as more equitable. During the progress of the examination of cases under the act of June 27, 1890, a larger number of pensioners were found liable to suspension than had been anticipated, and cases were found where persons have been suspended whose disabilities have increased since the date of being pensioned, and who are now entitled to remain on the rolls. In every instance, as soon as these cases were called to the attention of the Bureau, the correction was promptly made, but it was feared that the suspension might work hardship by preventing the payment of pensions to those who at the present time were legally entitled to the same, though they were not at the time the pension was granted.

The prospect of a heavy deficit in the Federal Treasury is a reminder that Grover Cleveland is again confronted by a condition, not by a theory. Does he propose to apply the same theory to that condition that he proposed to apply to a condition diametrically the reverse in 1887?

THE PROHIBITION TICKET

The Prohibitionists of Centre county, through their executive committee, have placed the following county ticket in the field for the support of that party in the coming election. For Sheriff, Daniel Hall, of Unionville; For Treasurer, Jared Harper, of Bellefonte; for Commissioners, W. H. Long, of Howard, and William Miller, of Philipsburg; for Register, Geo. E. Seibert, of Benner; for Recorder, S. B. Lingenfelter, of Philipsburg; for Auditors, Chas. H. Else, of Milesburg, and J. B. Kerns, of Benner, for County surveyor, Edward P. Butts, of Bellefonte. As far as we know these men they are all good candidates and will make good officers if they could be elected but of such a result even the most sanguine prohibitionist has not the slightest hope. All that they can do is to become an uncertain and disturbing element in our county politics. One result most likely to occur is that more than four-fifths of the men who vote the ticket would vote the republican ticket if the Prohibitionist had remained out of the field. So, that in this way the only positive result of their nomination is to contribute, as much as it is in their power to do, to the success of the democratic ticket. We find no fault with them, however, for we recognize the right of every American citizen to vote just as he pleases, and we are much in sympathy with the cause of temperance, but we are as honest in the conviction that this is not the way to push ahead true temperance as they seem to be that it is. The conviction grows upon us every day that we cannot make men temperate by law; we must convince them that temperance is the only right thing, and when we have the great majority of men converted to the true faith, then temperance will prevail, law or no law. We cannot enforce any law, not even the law against murder, without a strong public sentiment to support it; this has been clearly demonstrated in our frontier settlements and in some southern states, where it can truthfully be said no white man was ever hung for murder, although killing is a common effence. It is as true as the four gospels that "you can lead a horse to water but you cannot make him drink."

The Republican party, having the power and being actuated by a desire to make laws in the best interest of the people, have tried to set this principle at naught several time by passing temperance laws in advance of public sentiment, and have always failed and the law has been openly violated. How many men in Centre county really believe that to drink a single glass of wiskey is a crime? Even the churches refuse to withhold the wine that intoxicates and substitute unfermented wine at the communion table because the members do not believe that unfermented juice is wine, the wine that Christ drank at the last supper. Of course, though, many christians try in defence of their position not to asser this just as plain as we have stated it.

Before temperance of the prohibition kind can be enforced the people must be educated to that point; to regard the tasting of a single drop of intoxicating liquors a crime. When this point is reached then drunkenness will be a sin of the past. We believe the time will come when temperance will prevail, and may God hasten that day. The men on the Republican ticket are all good temperance men; all fully qualified for the positions for which they are presented to fill, and what is also much to the point, they have some chance of election; and as much as county officers could do to promote temperance sobriety and good order among our people, these men will do if they are called to office by the suffrage of our people. Vote for Harter and the whole Republican ticket.

CONGRESSMAN MORSE, of Massachusetts, is combing the tangled locks of Pension Commissioner Lochren in a way that makes the Commissioner snap and snarl like a dog with the rabies suspended the pension of a poor old soldier who had lost the sight of one eye and can barely see out of the other, and Morse took him to task. Of course the Pension Commissioner fought back, but in such an undignified way, accompanied by such vituperative billingsgate, as made him an object of contempt. Lochren has gone over, body, breeches and soul into the rebel Hoke Smith camp, sold his Union principles and his love for the Union Soldier for a petty office. This is not the same Lochren who fought so gallantly at Gettysburg. He has changed his coat—reversed his principles—and his comrades at Indianapolis will have something to say to him.

Waring's Peril.

BY CAPT. CHARLES KING.

"Well, everybody supposed he had got rid of her years ago. He shook her when he was made first sergeant, just before the war. Why, I've heard some of the old stagers say there wasn't a finer looking soldier in all the regiment than Jim Doyle when he married that specimen at Brownsville. Doyle, too, supposed she was dead until after he got his commission, then she reappeared and laid claim to him. It would have been an easy enough matter five years ago to prove she had forfeited all rights, but now he can't. Then she's got some confounded hold on him, I don't know what, but it's killing the poor beggar. Good thing for the regiment, though; so let it go."

"Oh, I don't care a rap how soon we're rid of him or her—the sooner the better; only I hate to hear these fellows laughing and sneering about Mrs. Doyle." And here the young fellow hesitated. "Ferry, you know I'm as fond of Sam Waring as any of you. I liked him better than any man in his class when we wore the gray. When they were yearlings we were plebes, and devilled and tormented by them most unmercifully day and night. I took to him then for his kindly, jolly ways. No one ever knew him to say or do a cross or brutal thing. I liked him more every year, and missed him when he was graduated. I rejoiced when he got his transfer to us. It's because I like him so much that I hate to hear these fellows making their little flings now."

"What flings?" said Ferry.

"Well, you know as much as I do. You've heard as much, too, I haven't a doubt."

"Nobody's said anything about Sam Waring in my hearing that reflected on him in any way worth speaking of," said Ferry, yet not very stoutly.

"Not on him so much, perhaps, as the world looks at this sort of thing, but on her. She's young, pretty, married to a man years her senior, a snuffy, frowzy old Frenchman. She's alone with her child and one or two servants from early morning till late evening, and with that weazened little monkey of a man the rest of the time. The only society she sees is the one or two gossipy old women of both sexes who live along the levee here. The only enjoyment she has is when she can get to her mother's up in town, or run up to the opera when she can get Lascelles to take her. That old mummy cares nothing for music and less for the dance; she loves both, and so does Waring. Monsieur le Mari goes out into the foyer between the acts to smoke his cigarette and gossip with other relics like himself. Waring has never missed a night she happened to be there for the last six weeks. I admit he is there many a time when she is not, but after he's had a few words with the ladies in the general's box, what becomes of him? I don't know, because I'm seldom there, but

FERRY AND PIERCE GAZED SILENTLY AFTER HIM.

Dryden and Taggart and Jack Merton, of the infantry, can tell you. He is sitting by her in the D'Hervilly loge grillee and going over the last act with her and rhapsodizing about Verdi, Bellini, Mozart, or Gounod—Gounod especially and the garden scene from 'Faust.'"

"Isn't her mother with her, and, being in mourning, doesn't she have to stay in her latticed loge instead of promenading in the foyer and drinking that two-headaches-for-a-picayune punch?" queried Ferry, eager for a diversion.

"Suppose she is," answered Pierce, stoutly. "I'm a crank—straight-laced, if you like. It's the fault of my bringing up. But I know, and you know, that that little woman, in her loneliness and in her natural longing for some congenial spirit to commune with, is simply falling madly in love with Sam Waring, and there will be tragedy here before we can stop it."

"See here Pierce," asked Ferry, "do you suppose Mrs. Cram would be so loyal a friend to Waring if she thought there was anything wrong in his attentions to Mme. Lascelles? Do you suppose Cram himself wouldn't speak?"

"He has spoken."

"He has? To whom?"

"To me, three days ago; said I had known Waring longest and best, perhaps was his most intimate friend, and he though I ought to warn him of what people were say ing."

"What have you done?"

"Nothing yet; simply because I know Sam Waring so well that I know just what he'd do—go and pull the nose of the man who gossiped about him and her. Then we'd have a fight on our hands."

"Well, we can fight, I suppose, can't we?"

"Not without involving a woman's name."

"Oh, good Lord, Pierce, was there ever a row without a woman ah fond?"

"That's a worm-eaten witticism, Ferry, and you're too decent a fellow, as a rule, to be cynical. I've got to speak to Waring, and I don't know how to do it. I want your advice."

"Well, my advice is Punch's: 'Don't.' Hello! here's Dryden. Thought you were on court duty up at headquarters to-day, old man. Come in and have a wet?" Mr. Ferry had seen some happy days at Fortress Monroe when the ships of her majesty's navy lay off the Hygeia and the gallants of England lay to at the bar, and Ferry rejoiced in the vernacular of the united service, so far as he could learn it, as practiced abroad.

"Thanks. Just had one over at Merton's. Hear you've been having review and all that sort of thing down here," said the infantryman, as he lolled back in an easy-chair and planted his bootheels on the gallery rail. "Glad I got out of it. Court met and adjourned at ten, so I came home. How'd Waring get off?"

"Huh!—Cram's wagon," laughed Ferry, rather uncomfortably, however,

"Oh, Lord, yes, I know that. Didn't I see him driving Mme. Lascelles up Rampart street as I came down in the mule car?"

And then Pierce and Ferry looked at each other, startled.

That evening, therefore, it was a comfort to both when Sam came tooling the stylish turnout through the sally-port and his battery chums caught sight of the Allertons. Pierce was just returning from stables and Ferry was smoking a pipe of perique on the broad gallery, and both hastened to don their best jackets and doff their best caps to these interesting and interested callers. Cram himself had gone out for a ride and a think. He always declared his ideas were clearer after a gallop. The band played charmingly. The ladies came out and made a picturesque croquet party on the green carpet of the parade. The officers clustered about and offered laughing wagers on the game. A dozen romping children were playing joyously around the tall flagstaff. The air was rich with the fragrance of the magnolia and Cape jasmine, and glad with music and soft and merry voices. Then the stirring bugles rang out their lively summons to the batterymen beyond the wall, The drums of the infantry rolled and rattled their echoing clamor. The guard sprang into rank, and their muskets, glistening in the slanting beams of the setting sun, clashed in simultaneous 'present" to the red-sashed officer of the day, and that official raised his plumed hat to the lieutenant with the lovely girl by his side and the smiling elders on the back seat as the team once more made the circuit of the post on the back trip to town, and Miss Flora Allerton clasped her hands and looked enthusiastically up into her escort's face.

"Oh," she cried, "isn't it all just too lovely for anything! Why, I think your life here must be like a dream."

But Miss Allerton, as Mrs. Cram had said, sometimes gushed, and life at Jackson barracks was no such dream as it appeared.

The sun went down red and angry far across the tawny flood of the rushing river. The night lights were set at the distant bend below. The stars came peeping through a shifting filmy veil. The big trees on the levee and about the flanking towers began to whisper and complain and creak, and the rising wind sent long wisps of straggly cloud racing across the sky. The moon rose pallid and wan, hung for awhile over the dense black mass of moss-grown cypress in the eastward swamp, then hid her face behind a heavy bank of clouds, as though reluctant to look upon the wrath to come, for a storm was rising fast and furious to break upon and deluge old Jackson barracks.

IV.

When Jeffers came driving into barracks on his return from town, his first care, as became the trained groom, was for his horses, and he was rubbing them down and bedding their stalls for the night when the sergeant of the battery guard, lantern in hand, appeared at the door. It was not yet tattoo, but by this time the darkness was intense, the heavens were hid, and the wind was moaning about the stables and gun-shed and whistling away over the dismal expanse of flat, wet, ditch-tangled fields towards the swamp. But the cockney's spirits were blithe as the clouds were black. As was usual when he or any other servitor was in attendance on Waring, the reward had been munificent. He had lunched at Cassidy's at the lieutenant's expense, while that officer and his friends were similarly occupied at the more exclusive Moreau's. He had stabled the team at the quartermaster's while he had personally attended the matinee at the St. Charles, which was more to his taste than Booth and high tragedy. He had sauntered about the Tattersalls and smoked Waring's cigars and patronized the jockeys gathered there for the spring meeting on the Metairie, but promptly on time was awaiting the return of the party from their drive and lolling about the ladies' entrance to the St. Charles hotel, when he became aware, as the lamps were being lighted and the dusk of the evening gave place to lively illumination, that two men had passed and repassed the open portals several times, and that they were eying him curiously, and chattering to each other in French. One of them he presently recognized as the little "frog-eater," who occupied the old house on the levee, Lascelles, the husband of the pretty French woman he and the lieutenant had dragged out of the mud that very morning and had driven up to the old D'Hervilly place on Rampart street. Even as he was wondering how cabby got out of his scrape and chuckling with satisfaction over the scientific manner in which Mr. Waring had floored that worthy, Mr. Jeffers was surprised to find himself most civilly accosted by old Lascelles, who had been informed, he said, by madame his wife, of the heroic services rendered her that morning by M. Jeffers and M. le Capitaine. He begged of the former the acceptance of the small douceur which he slipped into the Englishman's accustomed palm, and inquired when he might hope to see the brave captain and disembarrass himself of his burden of gratitude.

"Here they come now," said Jeffers, promptly pocketing the money and springing forward to knuckle his hat-brim and stand at the horses' heads. All grace and animation, Mr. Waring had assisted his friends to alight, had promised to join them in the ladies' parlor in ten minutes, had sprung to the seat again, signaling Jeffers to tumble up behind, and then had driven rapidly away through Carondelet street to the broad avenue beyond. Here he tossed the reins to Jeffers, disappeared a moment, and came back with a little Indian-made basket filled to overflowing with exquisite double violets rich with fragrance.

"DAT CROSS-HANDLED DAGGER."

"Give this to Mrs. Cram for me, and tell the captain I'll drop in to thank him in a couple of hours, and— Here, Jeffers," he said, and Jeffers had pocketed another greenback, and had driven briskly homeward, well content with the result of his day's labors, and without having mentioned to Mr. Waring the fact that Lascelles had been at the hotel making inquiries for him. A day so profitable and so pleasant Jeffers had not enjoyed since his arrival at the barracks, and he was humming away in high good humor, all reckless of the rising storm, when the gruff voice of Sergt. Schwartz disturbed him:

"Chevvers, you will rebort at vonst to Capt. Cram."

"Who says I will?" said Jeffers, cheerfully, though bent on mischief, but was awed into instant silence at seeing that veteran step quickly back, stand attention, and raise his hand in salute, for there came Cram himself, Pierce with him.

"Did Mr. Waring come back with you?" was the first question.

"No, sir; Hi left Mr. Warink on Canal street. 'E said 'e'd be back to thank the capt'in in a little while, sir, and 'e' sent these for the capt'in's lady."

Cram took the beautiful basket of violets with dubious hand, though his eyes kindled when he noted their profusion and fragrance. Nell loved violets, and it was like Waring to remember so bountifully her fondness for them.

"What detained him? Did he send no word?"

"'E said nothink, and sent nothink but the basket, sir. 'E said a couple of hours, now I think of it, sir. 'E was going back to the 'otel to dine with a lady and gent."

For a moment Cram was silent. He glanced at Pierce, as much as to say: Have you no question to ask? but the youngster held his peace. The senior officer hated to inquire of his servant into the details of the day's doings. He was more than half indignant at Waring for having taken such advantage of even an implied permission as to drive off with his equipage and groom in so summary a way. Of course Nell had said: "Take it and go;" but Nell could have had no idea of the use to which the wagon was to be put. If Waring left the garrison with the intention of using the equipage to take Mme. Lascelles driving; it was the most underhand and abominable thing he had ever heard of his doing. It was unlike him. It couldn't be true. Yet had not Braxton shown him the letter which said he was seen on the levee with her by his side? Had not Dryden further informed every man and woman and child with whom he held converse during the day that he had seen Waring with Cram's team driving Mme. Lascelles up Rampart street, and was not there a story already afloat that old Lascelles had forbidden him ever to darken his threshold again—forbidden madame to drive, dance, or even speak with him? And was there not already in the post commander's hand a note intimating that M. Lascelles would certainly challenge Waring to instant and mortal combat if Waring had used the wagon as alleged? Jeffers must know about it and could and should tell if required, but Cram simply could not and would not ask the groom to detail the movements of the gentleman. Had not Waring sent word he would be home in two hours and would come to see his battery commander at once? Did not that mean he would explain fully? Cram gulped down the query that rose to his lips.

"All right, then, Pierce; we'll take these over to Mrs. Cram and have a bite ready for Waring on his return," said the stout-hearted fellow, and, in refusing to question his servant, missed the chance of averting catastrophe.

And so they bore the beautiful cluster of violets, with its mute pledge of fidelity and full explanation, to his rejoicing Nell, and the trio sat and chatted, and one or two visitors came in for awhile and then scurried home as the rain began to plash on the windows, and the bugles and drums and fifes sounded far away at tattoo and more than usually weird and mournful at taps, and finally ten-thirty came, by which time it had been raining torrents, and the wind was lashing the roaring river into foam, and the trees were bowing low before their master, and the levee road was a quagmire, and Cram felt convinced no cab could bring his subaltern home. Yet in his nervousness and anxiety he pulled on his boots, threw his gum coat over his uniform, tiptoed in to bend over Nell's sleeping form and whisper, should she wake, that he was going only to the sally-port or perhaps over to Waring's quarters, but she slept peacefully and never stirred, so noiselessly he slipped out on the gallery and down the stairs and stalked boldly out into the raging storm, guided by the dim light burning in Waring's room. Ananias was sleeping curled up on a rug in front of the open fireplace, and Cram stirred him up with his foot. The negro rolled lazily over, with a stretch and yawn.

"Did Mr. Waring take any arms with him?" queried the captain.

"Any whut, suh?" responded Ananias, rubbing his eyes and still only half awake.

"Any pistol or knife?"

"Lord, suh, no. Mr. Waring don't never carry anything o' dat sort."

A student lamp was burning low on the center table. There lay among the books and papers a couple of letters, evidently received that day and still unopened. There lay Waring's cigar case, a pretty trifle given him by some far-away friend, with three or four fragrant Havanas temptingly visible. There lay a late magazine, its pages still uncut. Cram looked at the dainty wall clock, ticking merrily away over the mantle. Eleven-thirty-five! Well, he was too anxious to sleep anyhow, why not wait a few minutes? Waring might come, probably would come. If no cab could make its way down by the levee road, there were the late cars from town. They had to make the effort anyhow Cram stepped to the sideboard, mixed a mild toddy, sipped it reflectively, then lighted a cigar and threw himself into the easy-chair. Ananias, meantime, was up and astir. Seeing that Cram was looking about in search of a paper-cutter, the boy stepped forward and bent over the table.

"De lieutenant always uses dis, suh," said he, lifting first one paper, then another, searching under each. "Don't seem to be yer now, suh. You've seen it, dough, captain—that cross-handled dagger wid the straight blade."

"Yes, I know. Where is it?" asked Cram. "That'll do."

"Tain't yer, suh, now. Can't find it yer, nohow."

"Well, then, Mr. Waring probably took a knife, after all."

"No, suh, I don't t'ink so. I never knowed him to use it befo' away from de room."

"Anybody else been here?" said Cram.

"Oh! dey was all in yer, suh, dis afternoon, but Mr. Doyle he was sent for, suh, and had to go."

A step and the rattle of a sword were heard on the gallery without. The door opened, and in came Merton of the infantry, officer of the day.

"Hello, Waring!" he began. "Oh, it's you, is it, captain? Isn't Waring back? I saw the light, and came up to chin with him a moment. Beastly night, isn't it?"

"Waring isn't back yet. I look for him by the eleven-thirty car," answered the captain.

"Why, that's in. No Waring there, but a half dozen poor devils half drowned and more'n half drunk, one of your men among 'em. We had to put him into the guard-house to keep him from murdering Dawson, the head-quarters clerk. There's been some kind of a row."

"Sorry to hear that. Who is the man?"

"Kane. He said Dawson was lying about his officer, and he wouldn't stand it."

"Kane!" exclaimed Cram, rising. "why, he's one of our best, I never heard of his being riotous before."

"He's riotous enough to-night. He wanted to lick all six of our fellows, and if I hadn't got there when I did they would probably have kicked him into a pulp. All were drunk; Kane, too, I should say; and as for Dawson, he was just limp."

"Would you mind going down and letting me talk with Kane? I never knew him to be troublesome before, though he sometimes drank a little. He was on pass this evening.

"Well, it's raining cats and dogs, captain, but come along. If you can stand it I can."

A few minutes later the sergeant of the guard threw open one of the wooden compartments in the guard-house, and there sat Kane, his face buried in his hands.

"I ordered him locked in here by himself, because I feared our fellows would hammer him if he were turned in with them," explained Mr. Merton, and at sound of the voice the prisoner looked up and saw his commander, dripping with wet. Unsteadily he rose to his feet.

"Captain," he began, thickly, "I'd never have done it in the world, sir, but that blackguard was drunk, sir, and slandering my officer, and I gave him fair warning to quit or I'd hit him, but he kept on."

"Ye-es? And what did he say?"

"He said—I wouldn't believe it, sir—that Mr. Doyle was that drunk that him and some other fellers had lifted him out of the mud and put him to bed up there at—up there at the house, sir, back of Anatole's place. I think the captain knows."

"Ah, you should have steered clear of such company, Kane. Did this happen at Anatole's saloon?"

"Yes, sir, and them fellers was making so much noise that the dago turned them all out and shut up the shop at eleven o'clock, and that's what made them follow me home in the car and abuse me all the way. I couldn't stand it, sir."

"You would only have laughed at them if your better judgment hadn't been ruined by liquor. Sorry for you, Kane, but you've been drinking just enough to be a nuisance, and must stay where you are for the night. They'll be sorry for what they said in the morning. Did you lock up the others, Mr. Merton?" he asked, as they turned away.

"All but Dawson, sir. I took him over to the hospital and put a sentry over him. That fellow looks to be verging on jimjams, and I wouldn't be surprised if he'd been talking as Kane says." Merton might have added, "and it's probably true," but courtesy to his battery friend forbade. Cram did add mentally something to the same effect, but loyalty to his arm of the service kept him silent. At the flag-staff the two officers stopped.

"Merton, oblige me by saying nothing as to the alleged language about Doyle, will you?"

"Certainly, captain. Good night."

Then, as the officer of the day's lantern flickered away in one direction, Cram turned in the other, and presently went climbing up the stairs to the gallery leading to the quarters of his senior first lieutenant. A dim light was shining through the shutters. Cram knocked at the door; no answer. Opening it, he glanced in. The room was unoccupied. A cheap marine clock, ticking between the north windows and the wash-stand, indicated midnight, and the battery commander turned away in vexation of spirit. Lieut. Doyle had no authority to be absent from the post.

It was dark and storming furiously when the bugles of the battery sounded the reveille, and by the light of the swinging lanterns the men marched away in their canvass stable rig, looking like a column of ghosts. Yet, despite the gale and the torrents of rain, Pierce was in no wise surprised to find Cram at his elbow when the horses were led out to water.

"Groom indoors this morning, Mr. Pierce. Is Waring home?"

"No, sir; Ananias told me when he brought me up my coffee."

"Hold the morning report, then, until I come to the office. I fear we have both first lieutenants to report absent to-day. You and I may have to go to town; so get your breakfast early. We will ride. I doubt if even an ambulance could get through. Tell me, Pierce, have you spoken to Waring about—about that matter we were discussing? Has he ever given you any idea that he had received warning of any kind from old Lascelles—or any of his friends?"

"No, sir. I've had no chance to speak, to be sure, and, so far as I could observe, he and Mr. Lascelles seemed on very excellent terms only a few days ago."

"Well, I wish I had spoken myself," said Cram, and turned away.

That morning, with two first lieutenants absent without leave, the report of Light Battery "X" went into the adjutant's office just as its commander and his junior subaltern went out and silently mounted the dripping horses standing in front. The two orderlies, with their heads poked through the slit of their ponchos, briskly seated themselves in saddle, and then the colonel hurried forth just in time to hail:

"Oh, Cram! one minute." And Cram reined about and rode to the side of the post commander, who stood under the shelter of the broad gallery.

"I wouldn't say anything about this to anyone at headquarters except Reynolds. There's no one else on the staff to whom Waring would apply, is there?"

"No one, sir. Reynolds is the only man I can think of."

"Will you send an orderly back with word as soon as you know?"

"Yes, sir, the moment I hear. And-d—shall I send you word from—there"—and Cram nodded northward, and then, in a lower tone, "as to Doyle?"

"Oh, damn Doyle! I don't care if he never—" But here the commander of the post regained control of himself, and with parting wave of the hand turned back to his office.

Riding single file up the levee, for the city road was one long pool, with the swollen river on their left, and the slanting torrents of rain obscuring all objects on the other hand, the party made its way for several squares without exchanging a word. Presently the leading file came opposite the high wall of the Lascelles place. The green latticed gate stood open—an unusual thing—and both officers bent low over their pommels and gazed along the dark, rain-swept alley to the pillared portico dimly seen beyond. Not a soul was in sight. The water was already on a level with the banquette, and would soon be running across and into the gate. A vagabond dog skulking about the place gave vent to a mournful howl. A sudden thought struck the captain. He led the way down the slope and forded across to the north side, the others following.

"Joyce," said he to his orderly, "dismount and go in there and ring at the door. Ask if Mr. Lascelles is home. If not, ask if madame has any message she would like to send to town, or if we can be of any service."

The soldier was gone but a moment, and came hurrying back, a negro boy, holding a long fold of matting over his head to shed the rain, chasing at his heels. It was Alphonse.

"M'sieu' not yet of return," said he, in labored translation of his negro French, "and madame remain chez Mme. d'Hervilly. I am alone wis my mudder, and she has fear."

"Oh, it's all right, I fancy," said Cram, reassuringly. "They were caught by the storm, and wisely stayed uptown. I saw your gate open, so we stopped to inquire. We'll ride over to Mme. d'Hervilly's and ask for them. How came your gate open?"

"Mo connais pas: I dunno, sare. It was lock' last night."

"Why, that's odd," said Cram. "Better bolt it now, or all the cattle along the levee will be in there. You can't lock out the water, though. Who had the key besides Mr. Lascelles or madame?"

"Nobody, sare; but there is muddy foots all over the piazza."

"The devil! I'll have to look in for a moment." A nod to Pierce brought him too from the saddle, and the officers handed their reins to the orderlies. Then together they entered the gate and strode up the white shell walk, looking curiously about them through the dripping shrubbery. Again that dismal howl was raised, and Pierce, stopping with impatient exclamation, tore half a brick from the yielding border of the walk and sent it hurtling through the trees. With his tail between his legs, the brute darted from behind a sheltering bush, scurried away around the corner of the house, glancing fearfully back, then, halting at safe distance, squatted on his haunches and lifted up his mournful voice again.

"Whose dog is that?" demanded Cram.

"M'sieu' Philippe's; he not now here. He is de brudder to monsieur."

At the steps the captain bent and closely examined them and the floor of the low veranda to which they led. Both were disfigured by muddy footprints. Pierce would have gone still farther in the investigation, but his senior held up a warning hand.

"Two men have been here," he muttered. They have tried the door and tried the blinds. Where did you sleep last night, boy?" and with the words he turned suddenly on the negro. "Did you hear no sound?"

A STIFFENING HUMAN SHAPE.

"No, sare. I sleep in my bed,—'way back. No, I hear noting,—noting." And now the negro's face was twitching, his eyes staring. Something in the soldier's stern voice told him that there was tragedy in the air.

"If this door is locked, go around and open it from within," said Cram, briefly. Then, as Alphonse disappeared around the north side, he stepped back to the shell walk and followed one of its branches around the other. An instant later Pierce heard him call. Hastening in his wake, the youngster came upon his captain standing under a window, one of whose blinds was hanging partly open, water standing in pools all around him.

"Look here," was all he said, and pointed upward.

The sill was above the level of their heads, but both could see that the sash was raised. All was darkness within.

"Come with me," was Cram's next order, and the lieutenant followed. Alphonse was unlocking the front door, and now threw it open. Cram strode into the wide hall-way straight to a door of the east side. It was locked. "Open this, Alphonse," he said.

"I have not the key. It is ever with M'sieu' Lascelles. It is his library."

Continued next week.

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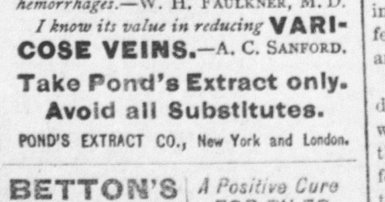

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A LUCKY ONE.

Many years ago there lived in Tokio a certain nobleman renowned for his wealth and his great philanthropy. It was his delight to wander about the streets at night unattended and disguised as a simple samurai (knight or retainer). and so untrammeled by rank or dignity enter the theaters and teahouses of all classes.

One night he was sitting in a tea garden in a humble portion of the city when three young men dressed as laborers sauntered in, and seating themselves near him called for refreshments of the cheapest kind.

"Will you not honor us by joining in our humble repast?" said one, addressing him with the courteous humility which distinguishes all classes of Japanese. "I see by your two swords that you are a samurai and far above us in rank, but you seem lonely, and we should feel honored if you will join us."

The nobleman, pleased by this cordial invitation, immediately left his solitary square of matting and seated himself near the speaker.

"What diamio (feudal lord) do you serve?" they asked him when the formalities of welcome were at an end.

"None," answered the nobleman. "I am a ronin (wandering knight), a free and independent samurai, having left by my own will the service of the Duke Itsu," mentioning his own name.

"I have heard that he was a very kind master," said one of the young men.

"Why did you leave him?"

"Oh," said the duke, "he had many strange and undignified habits which kept me in a constant state of mortification. He would wander about the streets of Tokio at night, entering into the commonest teahouses and talking familiarly with persons of the lowest rank. I do not doubt that he has been on this very spot."

"Oh, no!" cried his listeners in some excitement; "he surely would not come to this cheap place."

"I wish that he would come," said one of the three, with a sign. "I would beg a favor of him."

"What is it that you would ask?" said the nobleman with great interest.

"My one wish," answered the speaker, "is to ride a horse. I have dreamed many times of being on horseback, and it was delightful beyond words, but I expect to die without ever gaining my desire."

"And what would you ask if the duke were here?" said the pleased nobleman, turning to the second youth.

"My great wish," answered he, "is to eat a dinner exactly like the one the duke eats every day. If I could have one such dinner, I would ask no more."

"And now tell us your desire," said the nobleman, addressing the young man who had first given the invitation for him to join the party.

"I would be satisfied with either of their wishes," said the young man slowly. "I would desire to live a whole day and night as the duke lives—to eat from his dishes, to ride in his kago (palanbuin) and at night to sleep in his bed. Then would I be contented and happy."

"The duke's slumber is not the happiest," said the nobleman, with a sigh. "Spies and secret enemies lurk as poisonous serpents under the castle walls."

For some time longer he conversed with them, learning the name and abode of each. Then bidding them a cordial farewell he left the teahouse and made his way to his stately castle.

In the morning a body of servants carrying heavily adorned kagos were sent to invite the young men to the castle. Their surprise and delight knew no bounds, and when the mighty daimio welcomed them as friends and seated them in the place of honor they were ready to burst with pride.

For the one who had wished to ride he ordered his finest steed, caparisoned in white and gold, but when the young fellow was placed upon it fear seized him, and he pleaded for mercy.

"No, no, you shall ride!" cried the duke in high good humor, and the horse was made to prance and plunge about the courtyard until the wretched rider fell to the ground and had to be carried to his home.

The second guest, who had wished to eat as the duke ate, was now conducted to the banquet hall, where such a bewildering and tempting array of strange dishes was set before him that he soon made himself ill and was borne away, groaning and racked with nausea.

The third young man was now the object of attention.

All eyes were upon him as he watched his two friends taken away in misery and disgrace, but his head was set proudly and he turned with composure toward the duke.

"I have no fear," he said in tones which were almost haughty. "I still wish to live one day and one night as thy equal; then I am content."

"Lead him to my richest bath," said the duke to his servants. "and then attire him as my son."

When the young man reappeared, his thick hair oiled and perfumed after the manner of noblemen, his tall form robed in silks of heaviest texture and the two swords of rank thrust through his gold embroidered sash, he made such a picture of manly beauty that the duke's heart yearned toward him.

"Would that the gods had granted me such a son," he thought with sorrow. "But I have no heir to perpetuate my name. I shall fall like a lone pine tree beside the river, and none shall come after me."

For that day the young plebeian was given the name of Yomei (yo-may), which means one day spending, and through all of the ceremonies and observances of rank he conducted himself with such modest dignity that all of the court officials were filled with wonder and whispered among themselves. "He is born to a high position."

That night he was given the ducal sleeping apartment.

After the castle was still and dark he cautiously arose, and lighting a candle prepared to examine the wonders and beauties of the room. Hanging in the toko-mono (shallow alcove) he found a bow of ancient workmanship and a sheaf of arrows such as the old heroes once used. Fitting one to the bow, he gave it a backward pull, when to his dismay it slipped from his grasp and went whizzing through the rich and painted mado (inner sliding walls).

He heard a low cry, followed by the thud of a falling body, and then all was again silence.

"Unhappy wretch!" he cried to himself. "My day of triumph has ended in murder. I have killed some one with my ignorant stupidity, and in the morning I shall be beheaded."

He blew out the candle and went to bed, where he lay shivering and trembling until the day broke

Then the sound of the moving servants came to him, and the coldness of despair filled his heart, for he knew that the discovery of his deed might come with every second.

Presently he heard a cry of alarm, and then indeed did he give himself up for lost.

"Here is a dead man!" exclaimed one in frightened tones.

"Where is he?" Who is it?" "Who killed him?" came a mingling of voices as other servants ran crowding in.

"Why, it is the traitor Gujiwa, who has thrice attempted to kill our master." "Oh, blessed deed!" "What a beautiful shot. The arrow has pierced his left eye to the skull." "It is an ancient arrow from the duke's chamber."

"The young stranger sleeps there tonight. He must have sent the deadly shaft." "Ah! A hole in the mado! He must have shot through the mado." "What skill! What wonderful power, to shoot an enemy whithout seeing him!" "Wonderful! He has saved the master's life."

Yomei, listening to all this, became almost crazed with delight.

The sudden trausition from despair to hope intoxicated him like strong wine. He threw his rich kimono (robe) about him, pushed aside the pierced mado and strode towardthe servants.

"Have you found the traitor Gujiwa, whom I slew last night?" he asked haughtily. "Cut off his head and carry it to your master with my compliments. I suspected that this attempt would be made and obtained an entrance to the castle by disguishing myself as a laborer."

The servants groveled at his feet.

"But, honorable lord," implored one, an old man who had been in the family for a half a century, "how could you take such aim when the mado was closed?"

"Tut!" said the young man, with a gesture of contempt. "I do not need both sight and hearing to take good aim. I can shoot any portion of the body by hearing alone. This time I selected the villain's left eye, just as he was winking it."

"Wonderful! Wonderful!" they whispered in awestruck tones, and he walked through their cowering ranks with the air of a conqueror.

The gratitude and admiration of the duke knew no bounds. Indeed so pleased was he with the beauty, skill and courage of his young protege that he took measures to formally adopt him. So Yomei was raised from the rank of a bamboo cutter to that of son and heir to one of the most powerful daimio of the empire.

He led a life of ease and luxury and improved from day to day, so that his fame went abroad to other cities, and his adopted father grew to love him deeply.

But no life can be all happiness, and so for Yomei there was the thorn, the one dark spot.

This was in the person of his adopted mother, the duke's wife, who from the first had been a bitter enemy. Having no children of her own she was ungenerous enough to hate the innocent adopted son, who by his very presence reminded her that she had given no heir to the duke. She also suspected that his skill in slaying the robber was not entirely genuine, and she had learned beyond all doubt that his antecedents were of the humblest. At first she tried in every way to turn her husband against him, but finding this impossible she set to work to find other means of deposing him.

Soon there came a rumor of a band of robbers who infested a hill in the suburbs of Tokio and were so fierce that even the soldiers dared not attack them. The mikado had offered a title and great wealth to any one brave enough to attempt their capture, but up to this time none had been found.

The evil stepmother, without consulting her husband, sent a letter to the court saying that her noble son Yomei was thirsting for the opportunity to display his skill and courage and declared that he was able to vanquish the band single handed.

The mikado, highly pleased with so much bravery, immediately dispatched a royal document to the young man accepting his services and ordering him to start forth the following morning.

Poor Yomei was again in despair.

"Alas, the end of my dream has come!" he mourned to himself. "There are 11 arrows and 11 robbers, and so I must kill a robber with each arrow. Oh, why did I not keep to my bamboo cutting and leave ambition for the rich!"

His father greived deeply to see him set forth, but in spite of his sadness was buoyed up by his evident anticipation of his son's success. The envious stepmother, affecting equal regard, offered to arrange a basket of lunch for him with her own aristocratic hands. She prepared all of his favorite articles of food, and then, for fear that some lucky accident might save him from the robbers, put a small portion of deadly poison in each piece of food as she laid it in the champer.

Yomei, unconscious of this double danger, bade them all a sorrowful farewell and rode away with his eyes bent upon the ground. At one time he thought of turning his horse and making his escape, but then he reflected that death would be no worse then disgrace and the old life of toil, and so listlessly kept on toward the infested mountain.

He had reached the foot of this when he heard loud, hoarse shouts, as if of triumph, and filled with terror he sprang from his horse and rapidly climbed a tree. In a few moments the robbers were upon him. "Where is the rider?" called out one, looking about him with an aspect of such fierceness that Yomei well nigh fell to the earth.

"The horse is mine!" cried another.

This is my saddle!" exclaimed a third. "See! It is heavy with silver."

"Ah!" from a fourth as he tore open the hamper. "I have found the dainty fellow's lunch. Let us feast upon it before we find and kill the owner."

Yomei, knowing nothing of the hidden poison, thought these moments his last. With the apathy of despair he gazed upon them as they portioned out, with many a rude jest and remark, the food which had been destined for him.

"What carrion the aristocrats do eat!" cried the captain, throwing from him the remains of a small devil fish stuffed with rice, sugar and vinegar. "The thing is filled with medicine! It is bitter! By all the devils of earth and sea! It is poison! We are tricked!"

"It is poison! It is poison!" they all shrieked, running frantically past one another with horrible exclamations and contortions of physical agony. "Where is the man?" they cried. "We are poisoned like frogs in a well! Where is he Who has tricked us?"

"There he is!" called the dying chief, who had just caught sight of the cowering Yomei. "Shoot him! Up after him! Burn the tree! Ah-h-h!" But it was too late. They lay about on the lush mountain grass in various attitudes of violent death, and their glassy eyes were all turned upward toward Yomei. The fears of that valiant youth, however, were at an end. He descended with a bold and careless air, and walking from one to another struck an arrow deep into the left eye of each. Then mounting his horse he rode home.

The first person to meet him was his stepmother. At the sight of him she fell to the the ground, faint and stricken with fear.

"Are you not pleased to see me, mother?" he asked brightly. "I must thank you for the delightful lunch you prepared for me. See? opening the hamper, "every morsel has been eaten!"

His father's joy at seeing him alive was deep and sincere. "Why, my son," he said after the ceremonials of welcome were through, "your armor is untouched, your hair is as smooth as when you left the house. How did you slay such a fierce body of men with so little exertion?"

"Oh! It was a simple matter," said Yomei proudly. "When they caught sight of me, they came toward me running side by side, I took the 11 arrows, fitting them all to my bow, which I held horizontally, instead of in the usual manner, and the arrows were placed so exactly that as they flew, each was pointed toward a robber and struck him directly in the left eye. You will find them all there now, each with the arrow sticking upright.

"Your skill is more than mortal!" cried the happy father. "Now you are a nobleman in your own right and will be given a daughter of the mikado in marriage. I foresee that you will add luster to the ancient name which you bear." And he fell upon his son's neck and wept with pure joy.

After this the stepmother ceased in her evil designs, fully convinced of Yomei's supernatural powers.

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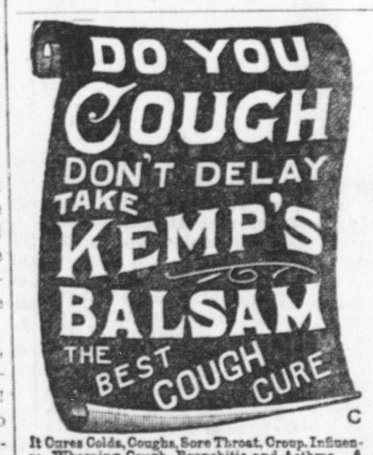

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RAILROADS

BALD EAGLE VALLEY RAILROAD.—TIME Table, Dec. 19, 1892.

STATIONS	Dis	Westward A.M	Westward P.M
LOCK HAVEN		9 40	4 15
Flemington—f	1.8	9 45	4 18
Mill Hall	3.0	9 46	4 21
Beech Creek	8.3	9 56	4 33
Eagleville—f	9.9	9 59	4 45
Howard	14.5	10 07	4 50
Mt. Eagle—f	17.7	10 14	4 57
Curtin	19.9	10 18	5 03
Milesburg	23.5	10 25	5 15
BELLEFONTE	25.2	10 28	5 25
Milesburg	28.5	10 38	5 38
Snow Shoe Int	24.5	10 43	5 43
Unionville	28.5	10 51	5
Julian	32.9	11 00	5
Martha	37.0	11 09	5
Port Matilda	40.4	11 17	6
Hannah—f	43.7	11 25	6
Fowler—f	45.0	11 29	6
Dix—f	46.3	11 32	6
Bald Eagle	49.8	11 38	6
Vail	51.2	11 43	6
East Tyrone	53.0	11 48	6
TYRONE	54.3	11 55	6

STATIONS	Dis	Eastward A.M	Eastward P.M	P.M
TYRONE		8 10	3 10	7 25
East Tyrone	1.3	8 17	3 17	7 32
Vail	3.1	8 20	3 20	7 35
Bald Eagle	5.0	8 25	3 24	7 39
Dix—f	8.0	8 30	3 30	7 45
Fowler—f	9.3	8 32	3 33	7 48
Hannah—f	10.6	8 36	3 37	7 52
Port Matilda	13.9	8 43	3 44	7 59
Martha	17.3	8 51	3 52	8 0
Julian	21.4	8 59	4 01	8 16
Unionville	25.8	9 10	4 10	8 25
Snow Shoe Int	29.5	9 18	4 17	8 32
Milesburg	30.8	9 22	4 20	8 35
BELLEFONTE	33.5	9 32	4 30	8 45
Milesburg	36.8	9 47	4 40	9 00
Curtin	34.4	9 56	4 46	9 07
Mt Eagle—f	36.6	10 02	4 50	9 15
Howard	39.8	10 09	4 57	9 22
Eagleville—f	44.4	10 17	5 15	9 30
Beech Creek	45.0	10 20	5 08	9 33
Mill Hall	51.3	10 31	5 19	9 44
Flemington	52.5	10 34	5 24	9 47
LOCK HAVEN	54.3	10 37	5 25	9 50

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE RAILROAD.—Time Table in effect Dec. 19th, 1892.

Westward P.M	Westward A.M	Stations	Dis.	Eastward A.M	Eastward P.M
4 50	10 00	SCOTIA	25.6	9 21	4 00
5 05	10 18	5.5 Fairbrook	20.3	9 09	4 25
5 15	10 28	8.7 Penna. Furnace	16.9	8 56	4 16
5 21	10 34	10.6 Hostler f	15.0	8 50	4 06
5 26	10 46	12.3 Marengo f	13.3	8 43	4 01
5 32	10 52	13.5 Loveville f	12.1	8 37	3 55
5 39	10 58	15.2 Furnace Road f	10.4	8 31	3 49
5 43	11 02	15.8 Dungarvin f	9.8	8 27	3 —
5 53	11 10	18.2 Warriors Mark	7.4	8 19	3 38
6 03	11 20	20.5 Pennington	5.1	8 10	3 30
6 15	11 32	23.5 Stover	2.1	7 58	3 10
6 25	11 40	25.6 TYRONE		7 50	3 18

BELLEFONTE & SNOW SHOE RAILROAD.—Time Table, Dec. 19 1892.

Leaves Snow Shoe at 6.45 a m; arrives at Bellefonte at 8.45 a m.

Leaves Bellefonte at 10.35 a m; arrives at Snow Shoe at 12.16 p m.

Leaves Snow Shoe at 3.00 p m arrives at Bellefonte at 4.50 p m.

Leaves Bellefonte at 5.25 p m, arrives at Snow Shoe at 7.00 p m.

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE R. R.—BELLEFONTE, NITTANY AND LEMONT R. R. To take effect Dec. 19th, 1892

Dis.	Westward a.m.	Westward p.m.		Eastward a.m.	Eastward a.m.	Eastward p.m
.0	5.40	2.00	MONTANION	5.30	9.10	4 55
1.5	6.15	2.08	Ar. LEWISBURG Lv	5.20	9.00	4 47
1.5	6.15	2.08	Lv. LEWISBURG Ar	.....	9.00	4 47
5.4	6.23	2.17	Biehl f	.....	8.51	4 39
6.8	6.28	2.22	Vicksburg f	.....	8.47	4 35
10.7	6.37	2.31	MIFFLINBURG	.....	8.38	4 27
13.1	6.42	2.36	Barber f	.....	8.33	4 22
15.2	6.47	2.41	Swengle f	.....	8.27	4 17
16.1	7.50	3.43	Millmont	.....	8.25	4.15
18.6	7.58	3.51	GLEN IRON	.....	8.17	4 07
23.5	7.07	3.00	Pardee f	.....	8.08	3.59
28.9	7.18	3.11	Cherry Run f	.....	7.57	3.48
32.2	7.27	3.29	Paddy Mt. Tunnel f	.....	7.48	3.40
33.9	7.31	3.23	Ingleby f	.....	7.45	3.37
36.6	7.38	4.30	Coburn	.....	7.38	3.30
39.6	7.45	4.37	Zerby f	.....	7.30	3.23
43.4	7.55	4.47	Rising Springs	.....	7.21	3.14
46.2	8.02	4.53	Penn's Cave f	.....	7.14	3.07
49.2	8.09	4.01	CENTRE HALL	.....	7.06	3.01
51.6	8.16	4.07	Gregg f	.....	7.00	2.54
54.6	8.23	4.13	Linden Hall	.....	6.52	2 47
56.7	8.24	4.18	OAK HALL	.....	6.47	2 42
58.3	8.32	4.22	LEMONT	.....	6.43	2 37
60.2	8.37	4.27	Dale Summit f	.....	6.38	2 33
63.9	8.47	4.37	Pleasant Gap f	.....	6.28	2 23
65.2	8.50	4.40	Axeman f	.....	6.25	2 20
67.4	8.55	4.45	BELLEFONTE	.....	6.20	2.15

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BELLEFONTE CENTRAL RAILROAD.—On and after Monday, April 4th, 1892, trains will run as follows, leaving the Pennsylvania Railroad station.

EASTWARD					WESTWARD				
12	10	8	1	2	1	3	7	9	11
pm	pm	pm	am	am	Ar—Lv	am	am	pm	pm
6 35	3 50	9 05	Bellefont		6 30	10 30		4 40	
6 28	3 44	8 59	Coleville		6 37	10 35		4 45	
6 25	3 41	8 56	Morris		6 40	10 38		4 48	
6 22	3 38	8 52	Whitmer		6 44	10 43		4 51	
6 19	3 35	8 49	Linns		6 47	10 46		4 54	
6 17	3 33	8 47	Hunters		6 50	10 48		4 56	
6 14	3 31	8 44	Fillmore		6 53	10 52		5 00	
6 11	3 28	8 40	Sellers		6 57	10 56		5 03	
6 09	3 26	8 38	Briarly		7 00	10 58		5 05	
6 05	6 00	3 23	8 25	8 30	Waddle	7 05	7 10	11 01	5 10 5 10
6 02	5 50	3 20	8 20	8 30	Mattern	7 08	7 14	11 03	5 13 5 12
	5 46		8 17		Graysdale	7 19		5 16	
	5 43		8 12		Mattern	7 24		5 20	
	5 40		8 05		Stormstown	7 29		5 23	
	5 35		8 00		Red Bank	7 35		5 30	
5 51		3 08		8 18	Krumrine	7 21		11 13	5 24
5 48		3 05		8 14	Struble	7 24		11 17	5 27
5 45		3 00		8 10	St. College	7 30		11 20	5 30

Train 2 connects with trains east and west on B. E. V. R. R. and S. S. branch, and train 8 connects with train east on B. E. V. R. R.

THOMAS A. SHOEMAKER, Supt.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD (Philadelphia and Erie Division.)—On and after Dec. 18th, 1892.

	WESTWARD	
ERIE MAIL	leaves Phila daily	11 20 p m
"	" Harrisburg "	3 33 a m
"	" William'port "	7 10 a m
"	" Jersey Shore "	7 31 a m
"	" Lock Haven "	7 55 a m
"	" Renovo "	8 55 a m
"	arrives Erie "	3 40 p m
NIAGRA EX.	l'ves Phila week d'ys	8 50 a m
"	" Harrsburg "	12 10 p m
"	arrives at Wmsport "	3 00 p m
"	" Lock Haven "	4 10 p m
"	" Renovo "	5 15 p m
"	" Kane "	9 20 p m
Passengers by this train arrive in Bellefonte at		5 15 p m
FAST LINE	leaves Phila. week days	11 40 a m
"	" Harrisburg "	3 45 p m
"	" Williamsport "	7 10 p m
"	arrives at Lock Haven"	8 02 p m
"	" Renovo "	9 00 p m
NEWS EX.	l'ves Philadelphia daily	4 30 a m
"	" Harrisburg	8 10 a m
"	" Williamsport	11 20 a m
"	" arrives at Lock Haven	12 15 p m
Wms'port Ex.	l'ves Phila. week days	4 35 p m
"	" Harrisburg	7 55 p m
"	" arrive Williamsport	10 40 p m
Rochester Exp.	leaves Phila. w'k d's	9 20 p m
"	" Harrisb'g	12 30 a m
"	" arrives Williamsp't	3 25 a m
Williamsp't	" leaves Phila. Sun. only	2 25 p m
"	" Harrisb'g	5 25 p m
"	" arrives Williamsp't	8 35 p m

	EASTWARD.	
Sea Shore Express	l'ves L Haven	7 15 a m
"	" Jersey Shore	7 41 a m
"	" Wms'port	8 15 a m
"	arrives at Harrisburg	11 30 a m
"	" Phila	3 00 a m
DAY EX.	leaves Kane week days	6 30 a m
"	" Renovo	10 20 a m
"	" Lock Haven	11 20 a m
"	" Williamsport	12 30 p m
"	arrives at Harrisburg	3 30 p m
"	" Philadelphia	6 50 p m
ERIE MAIL	leaves Erie daily	3 25 p m
"	" Renovo	10 35 p m
"	" Lock Haven	11 25 p m
"	" Williamsport	12 25 p m
"	arrives at Harrisburg	3 22 p m
"	" Philadelphia	6 50 p m
EXP. NO. 6	leaves Erie	7 23 a m
"	" Kane	11 10 a m
"	" leaves Renovo	4 45 p m
"	arrives at Harrisburg	10 05 p m
"	" Philadelphia	4 25 a m
WMS'PORT EXP.	l'v's Wms'port	3 25 a m
"	" arrives at Harrisburg	6 10 a m
"	arrives at Philadelphia	10 20 a m
Philada. Accom.	leaves Williamsp't	4 00 p m
"	" Harrisburg	7 30 p m
"	" arrives Philada. at	10 35 p m

Erie Mail West, Niagra Express West, and Day Express East make close connection at Lock Haven with B. E. V. R. R. trains.

Erie Mail East and West connect at Erie with trains on L. S. & M. S. R. R. at Corry with B. P. & W. N. N.; at Emporium with B. N. Y. & P. R. R. and at Driftwood with B. V. R. R.

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Half column	20	35	55
One column	35	55	100

All advertisements, whether displayed or blank lines, measured by lines of this type.

All advertisements due after the first insertion.

Special notices inserted in our local columns at 20 cents per line for each insertion, unless otherwise agreed, by the month, quarter or year.

Editorial notices, in our local columns, 25 cents per line for each insertion.

Professional or Business Cards, not exceeding 10 lines this type, $8 per annum.

All advertisements for a less term than three months 20 cents per line for the first three insertions, and 5 cents per line for each additional insertion.

Advertisers and especially Advertising Agents, are respectfully informed that no notice will be taken of orders to insert advertisments at less rates than the above, nor will any notice be given to orders of parties unknown to the publisher, unless accompanied by the cash EDWARD T. TUTEN.

REPUBLICAN STATE TICKET.

FOR SUPREME JUDGE,
DAVID NEWLIN FELL of Philadelphia.

FOR STATE TREASURER,
S. M. JACKSON, of Armstrong county.

Republican County Ticket.

FOR SHERIFF,
JOHN F. HARTER, of Millheim.

FOR TREASURER,
R. T. COMLEY, of Union Twp.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONERS,
JAS. B. STROHM, of Potter Twp.,
M. F. RIDDLE, of Spring Twp.

FOR REGISTER,
J. E. RICHARDS, of Rush Twp.

FOR RECORDER,
J. L. HOLMES, of College Twp.

FOR CORONER,
DR. THOS. TOBIN, of Halfmoon.

FOR AUDITORS,
E. S. DORWORTH, of Bellefonte,
JNO. D. WAGNER, of Gregg Twp.

FOR COUNTY SURVEYOR,
WM. H. SNYDER, of Liberty.

COUNTY EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

The following named gentlemen compose the Republican Executive Committee of Centre County for the year 1892.

Wilbur F. Reeder, Chairman, Bellefonte
W. L. Malin, Secretary. "
H. P. Harris, Ass't Secretary "
H. C. Quigley. " "

DISTRICT.	NAME.	ADDRESS.
Bellefonte, N W	W I. Fleming	Bellefonte
" S W	J A Aikens	"
" W W	S. H. Williams	"
Centre Hall boro.	B F Brisbin	Centre Hall
Howard "	Robert Cooke Jr.	Howard
Milesburg "	John Confer	Milesburg
Millheim "	J F Harter	Millheim
Philipsburg "	1 W S S Crissman	Philipsburg
" "	2 Geo Lamb	Philipsburg
" "	3 W Capt Harry Simler	"
South Philipsburg boro	M. Stover.	Philipsb'g
Unionville "	Riley Pratt	Fleming
Benner Twp	Jos. H Marshall.	Bellefonte
Boggs Twp E P	J M Parker	Roland
Boggs Twp W P	C P Stonerode	Milesburg
Boggs Twp N P	Jacob Yarnell	Milesburg
Burnside Twp	Delon G. Stewart.	Moshannon
College Twp E P	Wm Thompson Jr	Lemont
College Twp W P	Philip D Foster	State Coll.
Curtin "	William Robb	Romola
Ferguson Twp E P	Claudius B Hess	Fairbrook
Ferguson "	J A Sunday	"
Gregg " N P	Isaac Smith	Farmers Mills
Geegg " S P	John D Long	Spring Mills
Gregg " E P	Jos. K. Bitner.	Penn Hall
Haines " E P	Chas Bressler	Fiedler
Halees " W P	James P Coburn	Aaronsb'g
Half Moon "	Cyrus W Hunter	Stormstown
Harris "	Scott Bricker	Boalsburg
Howard "	N. G. Pletcher	Howard
Huston "	Ira F Davis	Julian
Liberty "	D M Burlew	Blanchard
Marion " E P	Bennison	Walker
Miles "	Ruben Geitmen	Wolfs Store
Patton "	George F Stevenson	Buffalo Run
Penn "	Same Rearick	Coburn
Potter Twp N P	Andrew Gregg	Centre Hall
Potter " S P	Alexander McCoy	Pot'rs Mills
Rush " N P	David Kinkead	Philipsburg
Rush " S P	Alexander Miller	Sandy Ridge
SnowShoe E P	Alfred Lucas	SnowShoe
SnowShoe W P	John A Yeager	Moshannon
Spring Twp N P	John G Dubbs	Bellefonte
Spring " S P	M F Riddle	Pleasant Gap
Spring " W P	W H Poorman	Bellefonte
Taylor "	John Weaver	Port Matilda
Union "	B W Shipley	Fleming
Walker "	O P Wilson	Hublersburg
Worth "	S R. Pringle	Fort Matilda

THE BOY ORATOR AT THE REPUBLICAN STATE CONVENTION.

In the Republican State Convention last week was a beardless youth by the name of William H. Cox, of Beaver county, who seconded the nomination of Judge Fell for Supreme Judge in a speech that was bristling with logic at every sentence. Young Cox being but 19 years of age, could not be elected a delegate, and hence procured a substitution, which entitled him to the floor, where he delivered by far the best speech of the day, not even excepting the magnificent effort of Hon. George S. Graham, Philadelphia's distinguished District Attorney. The delivery of the youthful speaker was that of a polished orator, and carried the Convention by storm. Men raised in their seats, waving their hats, and cheered with such zest over the young man's triumph as to be heard all over the city.

Young Cox is the only son of a poor widow, resident at Beaver Falls, and in order to keep the wolf from the door assists his mother by working as a substitute letter carrier at the home of Senator Quay, who is grooming him for future usefulness.

A few months ago there was an oratorical contest at Pittsburg between seven graduates of western Pennsylvania colleges for a prize of $250, offered by Andrew Carnegie. Young Cox was one of the contestants for the prize, and although he was youngest orator in the batch, the referrees unanimously decided that he was entitled to the prize. His subject was "James G. Blaine."

Mr. Cox has an honest ambition to become a lawyer. With the pecuniary assistance of friends he will enter the law department of Yale College next month, from which he expects to be graduated in about three years.

LOCK HAVEN ITEMS.

Engineer W. H. Blair, of Bald Eagle street, this city, who runs on local between this city and Tyrone, fell from his engine at Milesburg Thursday morning, receiving serious injury. He was taken to Bellefonte and given medical attendance, after which he was brought to his home here. It is thought that no bones are broken but it is feared that he may have received internal injuries.

Roland C. Curtin, a pupil on the national ship "Constellation," arrived in this city Thursday. While here he called on W. C. Kress, Esq., whose son James is a pupil on the same vessel. Roland is the son of Gen. D. I. Curtin, a former resident of this city. He is a young man of remarkable intelligence and seems greatly pleased with his seafaring life.

An employee of Kestler's tannery who was put on half time, told his wife when he reached home that they must economize. All right, she cheerfully replied: "You shave yourself hereafter and I will cut your hair." The economy subject was dropped.

William Montgomery, of Beech Creek, spent Thursday in this city. Mr. M. is a veteran of three wars and his military record cannot be broken by any one in the state. He bears his honors meekly and enjoys life as an honest man should.

Joseph D. Pruner, an ex-mail agent on the Bald Eagle Valley railroad, died at a Philadelphia hospital last week, and was buried at Bellefonte Tuesday. He was well known to many of our citizens. The cause of his death was consumption.

Professor James Hughes, Jr., assistant principal of the Bellefonte academy, passed through here Thursday, en route for Renovo. He went to witness the game of ball between the Bellefonte and Renovo clubs.

The reservoir at the Normal school will soon be completed, after which some time and money will be expended in improving and beautifying its surroundings.

J. A. Williams, of Beech Creek, who was injured in a runaway a few weeks ago was a visitor here Wednesday. This is his first visit since the accident occurred.

J. W. Harris, the Third ward alderman, has been appointed a member of the Republican state committee.

Miss Annie Schroat, of this city, left today to spend a few weeks with relatives at Milesburg.

$100 REWARD, $100.

The reader of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly on the blood and mucuous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address, F J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo., O

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

THE NOMINEES.

The State Convention at Harrisburg last week was as harmonious a body as ever assembled anywhere. Judge Fell and Col. Jackson were easily nominated for Supreme Judge and State Treasurer, respectively. They are good men, of sterling character, undoubted integrity, and intense Republicanism. In all the positions they have heretofore held they had been true and tried public servants, and their election in November, with a harmonious and healthy party back of them, is assured beyond the peradventure of a doubt. Messrs. Fell and Jackson were both Union soldiers, the former a lieutenant of a company, and the latter a colonel of a regiment, and have been for years members of the Grand Army. Their candidacy appeals with special force to the soldiers of the State, irrespective of party, and it is the general impression that hundreds and thousands of Democratic soldiers who have heretofore allied themselves with the Democratic organization will take shelter under the banner of their honored comrades, our candidates.

With a complete ticket now in the field, let us suggest that every Republican put on his war-paint, and get ready for the big battle and magnificent victory that awaits us in November.

NO PENSIONS FOR THEM.

Gen. Greene B Raum and Gen. O O Howard were both at the soldiers' national reunion last week, at Caldwell, O., and in response to direct questions of Private Dalzell made public some facts which hitherto the public did not know. Gen. Howard lost his right arm at Fair Oaks, Va., June 1, 1862, and Gen Raum was severely wounded in the defense of the "fort" of song and story, at Allatoona Pass, yet neither ever asked or received a cent of pension. Both are Republicans without guile. Both are more seriously disabled than ex-Pension Commissioner Black who would get about $10 or $12 a month if he had gone to the pension office for it, but, being a sharp lawyer, he lobbied a bill through Congress and draws his $100 a month.

No bad results from taking Hill's Chloride of Gold Tablets, while the cure is permanent. Drunkenness, Tobacco and Opium habit positively cured.

An Attractive Child.

The Unfortunate Occurrence Of Her Life.

AND HOW IT CAME NEAR MAKING HER EXISTENCE UNHAPPY.

Her Mother Tells a Story Which Will Greatly Interest All.

Stories of children are always interesting. Parents often vie with each other in seeing which can tell the best story or most interesting anecdote about their children.

But here is a story told by one mother which, while it may awake echoes of sadness in the minds and hearts of some parents, will be to others a message fraught with hope and joy.

The child whose short history of mingled sorrow and gladness is here given is the daughter of the well-known Mrs. J. Learmonth, who resides at 776 Broadway, South Boston, Mass.

"At ten years of age," said Mrs. Learmonth, "my daughter became affected with a nervous condition which soon developed into St. Vitus' dance. It was pronounced by the attending physician to be a very severe attack.

"The mouth would be drawn spasmodically far to one side, the hands and arms were restless and constantly twitching. Her limbs also were weak; her ankles bent under her so that it was almost impossible to walk.

CORA LEARMONTH.

"She was so nervous that she would scream almost like a maniac and then have fits of crying. After two months' treatment without a cure, I concluded to try Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy.

"Three bottlefuls entirely cured her. She is thirteen years old and has been well ever since and to-day is a picture of health."

Children are prone to have weak nerves and delicate health. Neglect of a nervous condition, a pale look, a disordered digestion or a general lack of health and vigor in a child may result in fits, St. Vitus' dance, or some other serious nervous disease.

Give your infants and children this glorious children's remedy, Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy in the beginning of the disease—when you see them nervous, restless, wakeful, pale, spiritless, without appetite, or with appetite irregular and bowels constipated. It will make their nerves strong, their blood pure, their sleep sound, natural and refreshing. In fact it will make them well and strong.

It is purely vegetable and harmless and all druggists sell it for $1.00. It is the discovery and prescription of a physician, Dr. Greene of 35 W. 14th Street, New York, well-known as the most successful specialist in curing nervous and chronic diseases. The doctor can be consulted free, personally or by letter.

NOTES FROM THE PHILIPSBURG JOURNAL.

Judge Krebs has filed his opinion in the railroad injunction cases, deciding that the new road being built from Philipsburg to Altoona may attach to the Beech Creek at Philipsburg for the purpose of through traffic.

W. B. Maitland, the boiler maker of Bellefonte, is in our city to-day superintending the hoisting of the large new stack on the steam heating plant. Mr. M. furnished the stack, which is enough to say that it is a good one, and will do all that is claimed for it.

If every wretched child in the land could be taken into some good home where it would receive right training, one of the most complex questions of the day would be solved.

We are sorry to state that we are going to lose one of our very best citizens, in the person of William H. Sandford, cashier of the Moshannon Bank, of this city, he having accepted a position as cashier of the First National Bank of Patton, which will open its doors on October 1st. Mr. Sandford has long been a trustworthy official in the Moshannon Bank, he is a leading spirit in the M. E. Church, and has been a very important man in the capacity of councilman to our town, as well as many other important enterprises in this place and vicinity. He will remove his family to Patton. Himself and family have the best wishes for peace, happiness and prosperity of our entire town, and Patton can feel proud of their new acquisition.

—The Christian Conference of Pa. held its sixteenth annual session at Eagleville, this county, commencing Tuesday evening August 29. There was a good attendance and much business of interest to the church was disposed of. Many able speeches were made. Representatives were present from many distant places, among whom were Ira C. Mitchell, of Troy, N. Y., who is well known in Centre county and was at one time a practicing attorney at the Centre county bar.

A GREAT MISTAKE.

A recent discovery is that headache, dizziness, dullness, confusion of the mind, etc., are due to derangement of the nerve centers which supply the brain with nerve force; that indigestion, dyspepsia, neuralgia, wind stomach, etc., arise from the derangement of the nerve fluid or force. This is likewise true of many diseases of the heart and lungs. The nerve system is like a telegraph system. The nerves convey the nerve force from nerve centers to every part of the body, just as the electric current is conveyed along the telegraph wires to every station, large or small. Ordinary physicians fail to regard this fact; instead of treating the nerve centers for the cause of the disorders arising there from they treat the part affected.

Franklin Miles, M. D., LL. B., the highly celebrateds pecialist and student of nervous diseases, and author of many noted treatises on the latter subject, long since realized the truth of the first statement, and his Restorative Nervine is prepared on that principle. Its success in curing all diseases arising from derangement of the nervous system is wonderful, as the thousands of unsolicited testimonials in possession of the company manufacturing the remedy amply prove.

Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine is a reliable remedy for all nervous disease, such as headache, nervous debility, prostration sleeplessness, dizziness, hysteria, sexual debility, St. Vitus dance, epilepsy, etc. It is sold by all druggists on a positive guarantee, or sent direct by the Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind., on receipt of price, $1 per bottle, six bottles for $5, express prepaid.

Restorative Nervine positively contains no opiates or dangerous drugs. Dr. Miles Nerve and Liver Pills, 50 doses 25 cents, mailed anywhere. Free book on heart and nervous diseases at druggists or by mail.

CLINTON COUNTY REPUBLICANS RESOLUTE.

The Clinton county Republicans in convention assembled last Tuesday passed the following spirited preamble and resolutions on the cause and result of the present democratic times and protest against the ungenerous treatment of our old soldiers. They were adopted with great enthusiasm.

We, the Republicans of Clinton county in convention assembled, charge that the Democratic party, whose rule in the past has always been coupled with financial distress, low wages, business paralysis and impared government credit, have, by their threats of "tariff reform," caused the present stoppage of industrial enterprises stagnation of business and the converion of the general prosperity which existed one year ago into the appalling distress of to-day.

And that these same threats of repealing our protective system have by closing our factories and stopping our industries, converted hundreds of thousands of the best paid and best fed workingmen on the globe into a mass of unwilling idlers, many of whom are already asking for bread, all see in the near future starvation, beggary or the poor house.

We denounce, for its ungenerous treatment of the soldiers of the union, this same Democratic party, whose venom towards the youth and energy of the north when fighting for the life of the nation, is exceeded only by its vicious and dastardly assaults upon these same men, now aged and infirm; and we demand that they be treated as men and heroes, not as thieves, scoundrels and beggars. Be it, therefore.

Resolved, that in our opinion no material improvement of the present distressing panic can be expected until the party in power promise that our present protective system shall not be violently assailed.

Resolved further, That the interests of our people demand that system of bimetalism which is sanctioned by the tradition and practice of the government, and which was promised by the national Republican platform of 1892.

Resolved further, That we reaffirm our allegiance to the American system of protection, and we deplore the fact that our unparalelled prosperity under "McKinleyism" has so soon been blighted by the clammy touch of "Clevelandism."

THE FALL.

The Fall Season with its cold winds and damp days brings Coughs and Colds, which can be cured by taking a few pellets of HUMPHREYS' SEPCIFIC No 7. For sale by all Druggists, from Canada to Cape Horn.

ABOUT 7,000 PENSIONS SUSPENDED.

Up to date about 7,000 pensions have been suspended under Commissioner Lochren's ruling regarding the disability act of 1890.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND has determined that the State bank tax has got to go. The tariff has got to go. Pensions have already gone part way. It only remains for the Democratic party to go after them.

"I'm so nervous"—before taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. "I'm so well—after taking Hood's. Moral—"Be sure to get Hood's."

IN A FIGHT, when a contestant loses his head that's the time he's likely to have one put on him.

USE DANA'S SARSAPARILLA, ITS "THE KIND THAT CURES."

SOMEBODY asks when the political pot boils, does it boil water. Not much.

The only Double Extract Sarsaparilla is Manners. It's the best because it cures. Take no other. 50cts.

WHOSE CHRISTIAN NAME WAS HOKE.

Oh, 'twas a glorious sight to see, some thirty years ago,
When two million freemen marched away to face their country's foe.
From East to West throughout the North they went at Lincoln's call
To rally for the Union and for it fight and fall.
'Mid comrades' cheers and mothers' tears they gayly marched away,
And left behind their loved ones all to wait and hope and pray.
For they were brave and had not heard, these gallant hearts of oak,
Of a patriot pure from Georgia, whose Christian name is Hoke.

For four long years they marched and fought beneath Old Glory's Stars,
And wrote each name in blood and flame where waved the Stars and Bars.
On a hundred fields, on sea and shore, by river's marshy fen,
In cold and heat, in storm and sleet, in deadly prison pen,
Some lost a leg, some lost an arm, some yielded up their lives,
And news came home that broke the hearts of mothers and of wives.
They faced each foe, but never met, in battle's flame and smoke,
That patriot pure from Geor-gi-a, whose Christian name is Hoke.

At last the conflict ended and at Appomatox tree
The "Old Commander" took the sword of rebel General Lee.
The joyful news spread through the land, and all turned out to greet
The boys as to their homes they came with eager, bounding feet.
The ranks were thinned, and many a face that loved ones longed to see
Was laid away 'neath Southern soil their valor had made free.
"We'll care for you!" the people cried, not knowing as they spoke,
Of that patriot pure from Geor-gi-a, whose Christian name is Hoke.

The pledge was kept, no soldier old, or wounded, maimed or halt,
Heard the wolf of want howl at his door through a careless Nation's fault.
And all went well until one day from the Presidential chair
The voters turned Ben Harrison out and put old Grover there,
And when he chose his counsellors, in seeking men of pith,
He went clear down to Geor-gi-a, and took a man named Smith
None knew this man, a stranger he, and many was the joke,
For this patriot pure from Geor-gi-a, his Christian name was Hoke.

But, 'twas no joke; this patriot pure soon scattered sorrow 'round;
He scanned the pension lists and swore that many a fraud he found.
No "roll of honor" was there there, but names of bummer and of beat,
And he went to work to clean them out when scarce warm in his seat.
Then sorrow's sigh rose through the land, and many a soldier gray,
Saw at his door a fiercer foe than he'd faced in war's stern fray.
"We'll hang you first, and try you next!" thus calmly, gayly spoke,
This patriot pure from Geor-gi-a, whose Christian name is Hoke.

Ah, well! time makes things even, as slowly on it rolls,
And in '96 the Boys in Blue will rally at the polls.
They'll all be there a gallant host, though bent and old and gray,
And those who did this dirty work, well may they rue that day.
For they'll turn their backs upon the men who saw this great wrong done,
And rally with the party that's been with them since '61.
And with the ballot potent, you can bet your life they'll soak
That patriot pure from Geor-gi-a, whose Christian name is Hoke.

I was a sufferer from catarrh for fifteen years, with distressing pain over my eyes. I used Ely's Cream Balm with gratifying results. Am apparently cured.—Z. C. Warner, Rutland, Vt.

I suffered from a severe cold in my head for months and could get no relief. Was advised to use Ely's Cream Balm. It has worked like magic in its cure. I am free from my cold after using the Balm one week, and I believe it is the best remedy known.—Samuel J. Harris, Wholesale Grocer, 119 Front St., New York.

USE DANA'S SARSAPARILLA, ITS "THE KIND THAT CURES."

Ripans Tabules cure dyspepsia.

Mrs. Theresa Hartson

"For fourteen years I have suffered with kidney troubles; my back so lame that sometimes I Could Not Raise Myself up out of my chair, nor turn myself in bed. I could not sleep, and suffered great distress with my food. I have taken four bottles of

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Hood's Sarsaparilla. I feel like a new person, and my terrible sufferings have all gone. Life is comfort compared to the misery it used to be." MRS. THERESA HARTSON, Albion, Pa.

Hood's Pills cure Constipation by restoring the peristaltic action of the alimentary canal.

ASK FOR AND TRY
Manners
DOUBLE EXTRACT
SARSAPARILLA
THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER
and CURE for
RHEUMATISM.

RHEUMATISM is one of the worst diseases which arises from Bad Blood. By using MANNERS DOUBLE EXTRACT SARSAPARILLA you can rid yourself of this dread disease.

Manners Sarsaparilla Co., Binghamton, N. Y.:
GENTS: I was a constant sufferer from Rheumatism, often unable to leave my chair. In the winter of 1889 I paid over $65 for doctor bills. I tried your Double Extract Sarsaparilla, and it made a well man of me. I will ever be a staunch friend of Manners Double Extract Sarsaparilla. Yours truly,
ROSCOE P. JAMES, Allegheny, Pa.

50¢ PER BOTTLE.
THE WORLD OVER.
MFG. BY THE MANNERS SARSAPARILLA CO.
BINGHAMTON, N.Y.

JOHN SHAW.

LISTEN, YE AGED!
"Cheerful and Happy at 79!"
NERVOUS PROSTRATION
OF
Eight Years' Standing
CURED BY TEN BOTTLES!

THE FOLLOWING FROM A GENTLEMAN SO WELL-KNOWN AS THOROUGHLY RELIABLE PROVES THAT "DANA'S IS THE KIND THAT CURES."

SOUTH PEABODY, MASS.,
TO THE PROPRIETOR OF DANA'S SARSAPARILLA:—

Eight years ago last March, I was stricken with **Nervous Prostration.** THE Weary days and sleepless nights followed. I **suffered extremely** from affection of the **Kidneys** and **Stomach,** was not able to attend to business of any kind, felt no desire for company, and at last **became wholly unfitted for the slightest duties,** KIND life was a burden to me.

I was attended by skilled Physicians who told me finally that **there was no help for me.**

Since taking your Medicine I have **fully recovered.** I have taken **ten bottles** according to the printed directions, and from being hopeless and discouraged, am now **cheerful and happy,** and although I am **79** years of age in February next, I am able to and do THAT **work every day,** as my well-kept garden and the general appearance of improvement about my grounds will abundantly testify.

I do not fail to recommend your Medicine to all afflicted of whom I may hear, and consider myself **a living testimonial** of the **wonderful efficacy** of DANA'S SARSAPARILLA. CURES

Yours truly,
JOHN SHAW.

Dana Sarsaparilla Co., Belfast, Maine.

The New York Musical Echo, the handsomest and best publication in the world, contains the best selection of music, both vocal and instrumental, ever issued. Each month contains 32 pages of music, full sheet music size, and a life like portrait of some beautiful actress on the cover. Keep the Echoes together and you will have a grand portfolio of music.

MONTHLY, 15 cts.; YEARLY, $1.50 postpaid. Subscribe at once so as to get all the pretty pieces we are publishing. Address,

New York Musical Echo Co.,
Broadway Theatre Building, NEW YORK CITY.

ESTRAY NOTICE.—Came upon the premises of the subscriber in Taylor Township, Centre county, Pa., about August 1, a Jersey colored Bull. Refusing to leave the farm and showing a disposition to be cross, this bull was entered in township book August 5, 1893. There are no ear marks but there is a ring in the bull's nose and he appears to be about 18 months old. Owner is requested to prove property, pay damages and take the animal away, or it will be disposed of according to law.

D. H. DEAN
Port Matilda.
Vol 24 No 32 5t Pa.

PIANO
Tuning and Repairing.
J. J. LEJEAL,

Of Erie, Pa., will be here fore part of October. Orders left at Bush House will receive prompt attention. 24-35-tf

ORPHANS' COURT SALE ESTATE OF LUCY ANN ECKLEY. Pursuant to an order of the Orphan's Court of Centre County there will be exposed to public sale on the premises in Huston Township, on Saturday, September 30th, 1893, at 1 o'clock P. M., the following described real estate, late of Lucy Ann Eckley, situated in said Township of Huston, at Locust Mills, about two miles East of Martha Furnace, bounded and described as follows: on the North by Bald Eagle Creek; on the East by land of Hayes Hartsock's Heirs; on the south by land of Hartsock's Heirs; and on the West by land of Hartsock's Heirs or a road; containing two acres, more or less.

The improvements are a two-story frame dwelling house stable and other out buildings.

TERMS OF SALE: One-half the purchase money to be paid in cash upon confirmation of sale, and the remaining one-half in one year thereafter. The deferred payment to bear interest and to be secured by bond and mortgage on the premises.

A. A. DALE.
24-35-3t Trustee.

GOLD INVESTMENT.
Safe, Sure and Reliable.

A Gold producing enterprise under the control of men of high standing, widely known in public life and of unquestionable integrity, which guarantees honest, prudent and efficient management.

Data:—Productions during the last two fiscal years, - - $1,323,772
At present available, - - 1,445,030

Send to undersigned, authorized agent for sale of Treasury Stock, for full particulars.

J. T. BAILEY, 56 Broadway, New York
34 4t

WHEN AT THE WORLD'S FAIR, Chicago, be sure to call at the unique exhibit of

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF BEEF

in the northeast part of the AGRICULTURAL BUILDING, north aisle, in the Uruguay Department, and get a

FREE CUP

of delicious, refreshing

BEEF TEA

made from the world-known LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF BEEF.

WEEKLY FINANCIAL REVIEW.

NEW YORK, Sept. 26, 1893.

During the past week, the financial situation has undergone a marked improvement, and not only at this centre but throughout the country at large. The bank statement of August 26th showed that, upon the week's average, the reserves of the banks remained $6,750,000 below the legal minimum; but the deficiency, at the end of the week, was probably not over $4,000,000. Since the date of that statement, about $11,000,000 of gold has been received from Europe, the major portion of which has gone into the banks, and the receipts of money from the interior have probably sufficed to offset the shipments thither, while the Sub-Treasury has continued to be debtor at the Clearing House. Thus, whatever may be the showing of to-day's statement based upon averages, there can be little question that the banks hold, at the end of the week, an amount of lawful money in excess of the legal reserve requirements. This has naturally produced a more confident feeling among the banks, and though they are not yet materially extending their loans or discounts nor retiring certificates, yet they are getting affairs into form for giving the public the benefit of their improved condition at an early day. Everywhere, the interior banks are getting into better shape. Many of those that have suspended are resuming business; and bank drawings upon New York have fallen to nominal dimensions. The near-by country banks are appearing again as buyers of mercantile paper, which is a significant expression of returning confidence among a very cautious class of leaders. The savings banks have informally considered the propriety of offering to prepay deposits the withdrawal of which has been notified, but seem to have preferred to wait until the expiration of the 30 days notifications. The thirty day period terminated this week, the result being that only 10 per cent of that class of depositors withdrew their money. The notifications for withdrawal at the end of sixty and ninety days are being fast cancelled. It is thus clear that it would be quite safe for the savings banks to make the suggested offer of prepayment; and that fact suggests a probability that these institutions may soon begin to return more or less of their cash funds to the custody of the regular banks. The dealings in currency have virtually ceased and the premium upon it has disappeared; which is evidence on the one hand of the cessation of hoarding and on the other of freer disbursements in money at the banks. The foregoing facts afford the best possible evidence of the return of monetary and banking affairs to an approximately normal condition.

The great event of the week, and the one which more than anything else has contributed to this important recovery, has been the overwhelming vote of the House of Repaesentatives against any increase in our silver currency under the Sherman law. That is an immense gain towards future confidence. It seems that, under no circumstances, will this country tolerate any loose experimenting with this form of money, but will insist upon it as a fixed policy that gold shall be the National standard. This restores to the national credit a rock foundation that will save it from such shocks as it has lately sustained. It also carries the advantage of dissipating the doubts among foreign holders of our securities which have sent home probably $150,000,000 of them since the Sherman Act took effect. Monday's vote, carrying with it the certainty of like action by the Senate, has been followed by a steady stream of buying orders for stocks and bonds from London, Frankfort, Amsterdam and Paris. The extent of these purchases may be inferred from the fact that, although some $15,000,000 of sterling bills borrowed 60 days ago have matured within the week, yet the rates of exchange, instead of being thereby adversely affected, have been weak and verging on the specie-importing point. It is to be presumed that in Europe, as well as at home, there is among cautious investors a disposition to defer buying until the solution of the the silver question is placed beyond all question by the vote of the Senate. It is therefore to be expected that further purchases on foreign account will be forthcoming when the Senate has voted.

This common advance out of the "slough of despond" has revolutionized the tone of feeling in Wall street. The first effect was a rush to cover "short" sales, and the next a return to the street of a class with ample means for taking in bargains. It has been in the best sense a week for the "bulls," who now are once more in control of the market. But for the occurrence of two great cyclones within a few days, with vast destruction of property and the interruption of telegraphic communication with all parts of the country, the effect would have been still more marked; it has resulted however in a generel advance of several points in prices.

The market has now reached a point at which it may be expected to be sustained by a steady and continuous improvement in the conditions that influence values. As confidence spreads through business, our interrupted industries will resume work, depleted stocks of merchandise will be replenished, and the catching up of three months of lost trade will cause a reviving spurt of activity. This commercial recovery will show its results in increased earnings of the railroads, and the whole country will return by a steady and sure process, if not to a normal activity,—which is too much to expect so soon after such utter prostration,—yet to a moderate and conservative movement. Such a charge carries with it legitimate reasons for a rise from the present very exceptionally low prices of securities, and we therefore commend to our friends the policy of buying upon all drops in quotations.

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A WOMAN COWBOY.

She Is Only Eighteen Years Old, But Has Full Charge of the Cattle.

A Chamberlain (S. D.) correspondent of the St. Paul Pioneer Press tells about an interesting and picturesque character in that neighborhood. West of here, in the ceded Sioux lands, is a female cowboy, he writes. Her name is Gertrude Petan, eighteen years of age, and she formerly lived with her parents near Kimball, this county. Upon her parents moving to the ceded lands she accompanied them, and has since remained at their new home on Bull creek, Pratt county. Her father invested in about three hundred head of cattle. As her only grown brother works on an adjoining ranch, the duty devolves upon her to take care of the cattle owned by her father. She does not simply take the cattle to the range and leave them there, but remains with them all day, and takes care of them as well as could any cowboy. Her duties frequently take her from thirty to forty miles from home, as the cattle must be kept moving in order to feed well all day. Frequently some of the cattle become mired in the mud along the streams where they graze. And then comes the hardest part of her work. She must rescue the cattle from their perilous positions. This she does in the true cowboy fashion, by fastening a lariat to the horns of the mired cattle, with the other end of the rope fastened securely to the horn of her saddle. Then a strong, steady pull by her pony draws the imprisoned cattle to a place of safety on dry ground. The young lady has been named "The Lady Cowboy" by the cowboys in that section. She wears a wide-brimmed, white felt hat and long gauntlet gloves, carries a lariat coiled about the horn of her saddle, is provided with branding irons, and rides the wildest broncho on the range. She has full charge of the cattle on her father's ranch.

Looking-Glasses.

The annual manufacture in Europe at the present time, according to the latest statistics, is something like 1,850,000 square yards of looking-glass. In the mirrors of to-day the light is reflected by a layer of silver or an amalgam of tin, but a proportion of the light is lost in the process of reflection, and the image is less luminous than the original. The value of a looking-glass is usually estimated by the thickness of the glass, because the thicker they are the stronger they must be; but, speaking scientifically, thick glasses are defective, because the outlines of the image reflected are less clearly defined. There are really three reflections, and, consequently, three images in every glass mirror, one from the upper surface of the glass, the second from the lower surface, and the third from the metallic layer at the back. An ideal mirror is one with a perfectly flat surface, but it is only possible to obtain this result in comparatively small glasses. The larger glasses do not reflect a true image, because it is not possible to make them quite flat.

Politeness in Sweden.

When a train leaves a platform in Sweden, says an exchange, or a steamboat a pier, all the onlookers lift their hats to the departing passengers and bow to them, a compliment returned by the travelers. If you address the poorest person in the streets you must lift your hat. A gentleman passing a lady on the stairs of a hotel must do the same. To enter a shop or a bank with one's hat on is a terrible breach of good manners. If you enter or leave a coffee-room you must bow to all the occupants.

An Instrumental Hisser.

To obviate the risk of expulsion that may attend indulgence in the practice of hissing at public entertainments, the Belgians have invented an ingenious little instrument for emitting the desired noise. It is a tiny bellows with a whistle for a mouthpiece, which the spectator puts under his foot.

NOT MURDER.

Imagine a mob of men as hungry as a pack of wolves whose frenzy has been fired by the scent of blood and in its midst a fellow being, bound hands and feet, with the noose of the lynchmen around his neck. I came suddenly upon such a scene in one of the settlements on the Rio Grande, whither I had journeyed from England to find a brother whom I had not seen for many years.

As I reined up my horse near the crowd and glanced over the exciting spectacle an involuntary cry left my lips as I recognized in the victim him whom I had come so far to see.

He saw and knew me instantly, and though no word came from him his pale, mute lips appealed to my heart for help. My appearance caused a hesitation on the part of the leaders.

I quickly learned that a stranger in those parts had been killed that morning near a small body of water a short distance from the settlement and that my brother had been caught in the very act of striking the deathblow. Not one of the spectators seemed to have any doubt of his guilt, but who is so hardened as to condemn his own brother?

I shuddered as I realized Almont's peril and in my own heart judged him innocent of any crime.

"He is my brother," I cried.

"Hark!" shouted one of the onlookers, "the brother of the murdered man is here for justice. Up with him, boys!"

"Hold," I commanded, rising in my stirrups as I spoke; "blood calls for blood. Let me have hold of that rope."

The mistake in my identity had suggested a way in which I might enable my brother to escape, and I resolved to attempt it at whatever risk. Fortunately there was little family resemblance between us.

Urging my horse forward, the crowd parted, allowing me to reach his side, when I dismounted, ostensibly to examine the slipping noose.

"It will do." I said loud enough to be heard by all. "Now help me to lift him on the back of my horse. We want to do this job in some shape."

Willing ones sprang to my assistance, but in the brief interval I cut the prisoner's bonds so that they held only by a thread and arranged the noose to that it could be thrown off as soon as his arms were free.

I knew few horses could match mine in speed, and once he had cleared the throng my brother would be comparatively safe.

He understood my intentions, and the moment we lifted him upon the horse he wrenched his arm free, threw off the noose, dropped into the saddle, and giving the animal a smart blow dashed through the crowd like a whirlwind, and in a few moments was beyond pursuit.

Of course there was loud reviling over his escape, but I appeared so anxious for his recapture that no blame was attached to me. To carry out the deception I had the body of the stranger carefully buried and remained in the place until I deemed it safe to depart.

It was nearly three months before I met my brother in London, whither he fled, and then he thanked me with tears in his eyes for my daring assistance in his escape from the lynchers. To my surprise, however, he evaded the subject of the murder, saying simply that no crime had been committed. I did not feel like pressing the matter, so the affair was not mentioned again, though it has haunted my mind ever since. Last week my brother died with no kindred near him, and today's post has brought me a manuscript containing a startling revelation.

In justice to my brother's name, as well as my own satisfaction, I am prompted to give to the world the strangest confessions ever made. The followlng is his account as he wrote it for me:

"When this is read, I shall have passed beyond the tribunal of man, so I wish to impress upon you that I am about to record faithfully an experience which I sincerely hope will fall to the lot of no other person.

"I was alone in my room late one dark, stormy night when I heard a rap on the door, which I fancied at first was but the wind shaking it on its hinges. But it was repeated louder than before. I bade the applicant, whoever he might be, to come in, without looking up from the book which held my attention.

"A moment later the door was opened, and with the gust of wind which sent every light object in the room flying topsy turvey a man entered the apartment with quick, catlike steps.

"'Pardon me for the unreasonable hour at which I call,' he said in a clear, crisp tone, 'but I suppose doctors get used to all sorts of calls.'

"'Certainly,' I replied, I fear somewhat impatiently, as he had interrupted me at a time when I did not like to be disturbed. 'What can I do for you!'

"'Oh, I do not come for professional assistance,' he hastened to say, evidently reading my thoughts. 'Mine is strictly a business call. Are you at liberty for a few minutes?'

"'Yes, but the hour is late. so I trust you will be as brief as possible.'

"'Dr. Barlow, how much are you worth?'

"'Enough to make life comfortable for myself,' I replied. 'If you have no more important question than that, our interview might as well come to an end at once.'

"'Pardon me, I will come to business. As I told you, I am a professor of science, and I have made a discovery which is worth millions—yes, sir, millions.

"'I need not tell you of the anxious days and sleepless nights it has cost me. No matter; I have succeeded at last, and you are the first man I have ever approached with my secret. I did not do that until I was satisfied you were the safest one I could find.'

"As he spoke he opened a small bag, which he carried, and took out three or four vials to place upon the table.

"'Education based upon scientific research,' he remarked, 'has made a startling advance within the past few years. But no man has gone further into the unfathomable depths than myself. You have a basin of water here. Pardon me if I approprite it to my own use.'

"I bowed in acquiescence, too much surprised to speak,

"He quickly unsealed one of the vials and poured its contents into the basin of water. Then from another he sifted a bluish colored powder upon the surface of the liquid, which no sooner had touched the other than it began to hiss, foam and sparkle until there came a report like a pistol shot, and a column of lurid flame leaped up to the ceiling. I started back with a cry of terror.

"'Don't be alarmed,' he assured me, with a smile; 'the water will soon burn out.'

"The fire soon began to grow pale and to diminish in height, when it finally died out altogether, and I saw that the basin was empty.

"'How much do you think that secret is worth?' asked my visitor, still showing his white teeth between his parted lips.

"'What do you mean?' I cried.

"'Sit down and be composed, and I will quickly explain.' Then as I sank into the nearest seat, at a loss what to do or say, he continued:

"'Seeing is believing, so I have shown to you what I can do to impress upon you more deeply the power that I possess. You have seen that basin of water burn like so much oil, and now you will believe me when I tell you that I have unlocked one of nature's great secrets and that the key lies in that small vial!'

"His demoniacal smile as he spoke made me shudder.

"'I do not understand you,' I faltered. 'If you mean that you can burn water'——

"'Haven't I done it?' he cried. 'Why; man alive! don't you realize the importance of that secret? In those vials are held the component agents able to separate the constituent parts of water and, freeing the same, set them at war with each other, which must result in combustion and annihilation.

"'Think of that and realize that I hold in my hand the destiny of the world. Let me throw ever so little of those wonderful properties into the Atlantic and dare you contemplate the result? In one instant a nucleus of fire would be formed to grow swiftly in size, separating the gases of water and feeding upon them until the shores of Europe and America would be wrapped in a sheet of flame.

"'No deluge that ever drowned the world could extinguish the conflagration, but would rather transport the fiery legions to the very pillars of the heavens. and it would spread from shore to shore and from ocean to ocean, until it had infolded the globe in its seething embrace. Every creature of the sea, the air and the land would perish—ay, the earth itself would melt into fervent heat.'

"During this startling speech he had worked himself into a fearful frenzy to fix his intent gaze upon me as he concluded with a light that burned into my inmost being. I felt I was in the presence of a madman.

"'Oh, well,' I said, with what calmness I could command, 'we won't anticipate so dreadful a catastrophe as you so vividly describe. But it is evident you have made a remarkable discovery. I am anxious to know just how you accomplished it.'

"'Which is my secret,' he said, with another smile, and I saw that my dispassionate speech had had a soothing effect upon him. The man was evidently sane except on that one subject.

"'You are the most sensible man I have met,' he soon resumed, 'and I am going to impart enough of my secret to you so you will act with good faith in assisting me in a direction where I am powerless.

"'It needs not my words to tell you that water is composed of two gases, hydrogen and oxygen, in parts as 2 to 1. United in that proportion these elements are impervious to fire. Every schoolboy knows that. But mix them in any other proportion, and heat, flame, combustion, are the immediate consequence.

"'Now, I have discovered the key which unlocks the affinity holding together the constituent parts of water. A few grains of this powder are sufficient to dismember its warlike elements, when the funeral pyre of the human race is kindled as far as this planet is concerned.'

"'Impossible!' I could not help exclaiming. 'God in his infinite wisdom never created a world so beautiful as this and then placed in the hands of its subjects the means of its destruction.'

"'Poor fool!' he said compassionately. 'You forget that the moon is but a fire extinguished world; that planets without number are the charred remains of what were once scenes of life and beauty; that the sun is a molten mass of heat; that he has said in his own word, in the end "the heavens shall be folded together like a scroll, the elements to melt with fervent heat."'

"'You see this vial. It contains potassium. It needs not me to tell a man of your information the result when this is brought into contact with oxygen. It ignites instantly. This powder here, the secret of whose compound is known only to me, contains properties which instantly decompose the watery elements. The moment the oxygen is free the potassium ignites it, and the work of fiery destruction is begun.

"'You betray a look of doubt Perhaps you think that this action will be merely local—that the properties will quickly burn out, and in consequence the fire die for want of sustenance. If so, you err. The properties of this powder are self generating, and as long as the water lasts must of necessity continue their work of decomposition, the oxygen continually feeding the flames.

"'Get me another basin of water. I want to demonstrate it more clearly to you.'

"As he had done before, he turned the potassium into the basin and then sifted in a certain amount of the powder. The hissing and fuming quickly began, followed by a sharp report, when a column of fire again sprang up, which lasted until the water was consumed.

"'You see, my first trial was no illusion,' he said, turning to me. 'What I have done once I can do every time.'

"'It is a terrible thing!' I exclaimed, with a shudder. 'But why have you come to me?'

"'Because the secret is worth much to me. But when I approach men they call me mad and will not listen. They will believe you, and when you have proved what I can do they will gladly pay my price. Then I will divide with you, and we both shall be rich, you to live at your ease and I to continue my investigations. Will you help me?' and he caught me by the arm with a clutch I seem to feel now.

"'Help you?' I asked in a husky voice. 'Would you jeopardize the lives of the whole human race for a few paltry thousands? A man of your great intellect and research should be above'——

"'You still doubt my ability to do what I claim?' he interrupted. 'Perhaps in the open air you think I would fail? Come with me and I will astonish even you. See, the storm has cleared away, and the day is breaking.'

"I was puzzled what to do. There was no one in the house upon whom I could call for assistance, but outdoors I might escape the man, whom, I confess, I feared. So I consented to accompany him.

"The morning light was fast dispelling the shadows of night and storm, and we had no difficulty in making our way to a little body of water quite hemmed in by the mountains and the forest. My companion, as if fearing I would attempt to escape, had not taken his gaze from me since we had left the house.

"'There is a good place to test our work,' he declared, pointing to a small pool of water formed in a depression of the earth by the late storm.

"Without waiting for my reply he threw some of the potassium and powder into the water. The result was startling to me, though I had anticipated the consequence.

"The report was deafening, and the flames seemed to leap to the sky, illuminating the night scene with a ghastly light, but startling as was the light of the burning water the appearance of my companion, who had seemed to be suddenly transformed into a demon, was more terrible.

"'See, see!' he cried, dancing to and fro with fiendish glee, 'it burns—will burn till the pool is dry. What do you think of my secret now? Do I not hold the key to all life? Oh, I feel like a god, and all men are but worms crawling at my feet! See, the flames leap higher and higher!'

"'Now, let me drop the same agents which set that pool on fire into this lake, and the result will be the same. Aye, the same, only a million times more grand, for the fire will follow the river to the gulf and thence to the ocean, to envelop the entire world in its blazing sheet. What a sight for the gods to witness!'

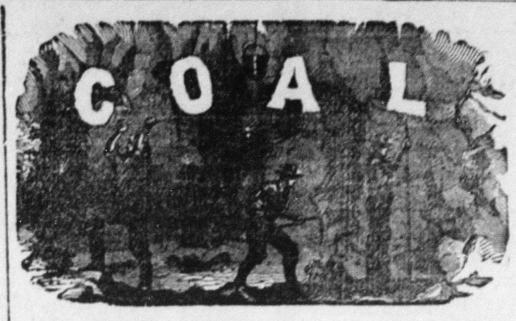
"He gesticulated fiercely and reached one arm over the water, as if to drop the infernal powder upon its placid bosom, his wild looking figure lit up by the transplendent glow of the burning pool. I gazed with awe upon him, realizing only too well the terrible earnestness of his tone.

"'Wait!' I cried hoarsely, 'you forget the money. Your secret is worth'——

"'Bah! Who prates of money with a cringing world at his feet?' he shrieked. 'They laugh at me. Now let their tears put out the flames my hand has kindled. See! The potassium, it fumes, hisses, dances upon the water! Now the pow'—

"Imagine who can the horror of my situation. The blood seemed to freeze in my veins. My limbs seemed paralyzed, but I quickly overcame my lethargy. The life of every being in the world was in my hands. Nerving myself for the blow, I felled the mad scientist dead at my feet. At that moment the fire behind me expired. The world was saved.

"You know the rest. I was discovered in the act of dealing the fatal blow by men who could not understand the immeasurable deed I had done. You saved my life. In the sight of God I feel that I have committed no crime, but I shall die easier knowing that when I am gone the truth will be known to the world. My conscience is clear, and yet the secret has pointed in my every action like a finger of fire."—Tit-Bits.



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TEMPERANCE NOTES.

DRUNKENNESS IN FRANCE.

It Is a Contagion That Demoralizes the People.

Computations show that in the past twenty-two years the consumption of alcohol per inhabitant is tripled, and with direful augmentation the usual cortege of evils: Compromised health, unhappy homes, and the undermining of frugality—one of the master and enviable virtues of the French nation. A proverb states: "He who has drank will drink." Perhaps of all the evils to eradicate that flesh is heir to the worst is the drink crave. It demands, like the grave: "Give! give! give!" Some moral M. D.'s urge reformed manners as the best remedies against alcoholic vice, but the classes that ought to set the example of purity of living are also steeped in the spreading sin.

The current budget proposed to abolish all duty on wine, beer, cider and hygienic beverages, making up for the fiscal deficit by an increased tax on alcohol. The intention is admirable, but the more you run up the duty on brandy the more it will be smuggled and adulterated. So long as chemistry can prepare an artificial spirit from wood distillation, and spice and flavor up the compound by poisonous adjuncts, the greater duty will not be a bar to the consumption of the firewater; besides, the municipal chemist has reported that the cognac sold in the vast majority of cafes and showy taverns only differs in degree from the throat-tittilating and intestine-twisting liquid that consoles the last stage of human misery as represented by the nomadic rag picker.

The social habits of the French facilitate the contagion of the drink disease; the majoity of the people meal out in restaurants as costly as their purse can patronize. The proprietors of the taverns tell you plainly that they make no profit on the food, all that must come from the drink. An individual, unless possessing the address of a tea or milk show, would soon be made to feel in an eating house that his presence was undesirable if he preferred river water to the manufactured beverage. The middle class stratum of society now rarely go home to dinner without swallowing an absinthe, between five and seven o'clock, the vert stimulant being then in full show. It is the deglutition of the green.

Anyone can open a bank or a dram shop in France who can pay the sealed license, and as these rendezvous usually unite the supplying of repasts, no form of local option could reduce their number. Everyone must live, just as well as a headsman. The petty coal dealer in his tiny Black hole of Calcutta supplies, between piles of firewood and sacks of charcoal, the cheapest form of boarding out in Paris; he is certain to have an annex for drinks, and when not dealing in fruit and vegetables he sells newspapers. I am aware of one enterprising coal man who supplies pork and rabbits. Like the Bon Marche and kindred stores, he ought to be brought under the influence of cumulative trade license tax. They are generally peasants, a young man and his wife, who run these concerns.

The French workman—and especially if he be single—can never find in his attic den the shelter, the warmth and the light he can enjoy when repasting in his cafe-restaurant, where he can meet society and share in billiard games. The latter, after politics and reading the orthodox slices of a trio of romances in his sou journal, are his choice pleasures. And in the workmen's quarters, when the rattle of billiard balls is not heard in a tavern, that implies an infallible drop in the employment barometer. One bright spot, though of late becoming a little shaded, wives are never seen with their husbands drinking of an evening, and the children are conspicuous by their absence. Staggering intoxication as a rule is rare in France: the absorbents generally stop when muddled; besides, the proprietor of the rumhole can be fined if he sells drink to a drunken man or admits such a new client to his bar. This well-meaning law is next to inoperative.—Foreign Letter.

LIFE INSURANCE AND DRINK.

The Attitude of the Companies Toward Drinking Men.

Life insurance is recognized as being quite as legitimate as is fire insurance. In many respects, it is more certain; for in a temperate climate, like our own, it is impossible to reduce the matter of the proportion of deaths to survivals among any stated number, at a given age, to accurate figures. The rate of life insurance is based on the "expectation of life" of healthy persons at a given age; hence any habit which has a tendency to shorten life becomes a bar to life insurance, if known.

The drink habit is one which shortens life. Of this there can be no manner of doubt. Statistics prove it. And the result is that life insurance companies are becoming increasingly careful about taking risks upon drinking men. This is in marked contrast to the fact that the conditions of life insurance have increasingly become liberal within the past few years, many of the former restrictions having been removed. If a man is a drinking person, he will find it far more difficult to have a company take a risk upon his life than he would have done a decade ago.

An eastern journal recently published an interview with a leading life insurance man, of New York city, who gave interesting facts concerning the attitude of the companies toward drinking men. It is to be remembered that the companies do not require an applicant for life insurance to be a total abstainer—though there are some of them which will give more favorable rates to those who do not touch liquor. But though a "moderate drinker" has no difficulty in getting his life insured, it is to be remembered that the company decides whether he really be a "moderate drinker." It will not take his word for it. And in order to decide this point, it requires to know not only how often he drinks, what he drinks, and how much each time, but also when he drinks. As the official referred to above most emphatically puts it, "We won't touch with a forty-foot pole a man who has to have his morning cocktail. He may not drink much, but our statistics prove that men who drink in the morning are any but safe risks. When a man gets to that point, there is something radically wrong—and it is apt to be a 'raw stomach'—made so by indulgence, and which is generally accompanied by a craving for alcohol which can not be controlled." As a matter of interest, we give his statement as to the standard of judgment concerning moderate drinking:

"There is a standard by which we gauge, so to speak, all applicants for life insurance policies. The line must be drawn somewhere, and we have adopted the limit of Austie, a celebrated French chemist. According to this limit a man is a moderate drinker when he does not consume liquor equivalent to more than one and a half ounces of alcohol daily. Such allowance is represented in the case of ardent sprits: as brandy, whisky, gin, rum, etc., by three ounces; of sherry or other strong wine, by two wineglassfuls; of claret or champagne, or other light wine, by one pint bottle; or strong ale or porter, by three tumblerfuls, and of light ale or beer, by four or five tumblerfuls. It is interesting to most men to know just what is considered moderate drinking, from a scientific standpoint. A man who has given the subject years of study tells us that a person enjoying average health, is not guilty of over-indulgence, so long as the quantity of alcohol taken into his system does not exceed that given above.

"Every precaution is taken to prevent deceit on the part of the applicant in this regard. Before being accepted he must answer these questions: What is your practice as regards the use of spirits, wines, malt liquor, or other beverages? The subject must state, specially, what he commonly drinks, and how much. Such phrases as 'temperate drink when I want to,' give no real information and are worthless for the purpose of this inquiry. Have you ever been a free drinker? If yes, it should be stated when, for how long, and to what degree, and whether ever delirium tremens, or other injury to health?

"You will see that these questions cover the ground thoroughly, and to evade them the applicant must perjure himself. Not only is he thoroughly cross-examined, but every possible means are taken to obtain needed information about his character, and if it be found that any of the above questions have been answered incorrectly, the application is at once rejected. These steps are necessary to protect the honest people who have taken out policies in our company; and there can be no safe insurance except where the law of average is strictly adhered to.

"Not only do we object to insuring men who are addicted to over-indulgence in stimulants, but men who either manufacture or sell alcoholic beverages are also deemed extra hazardous risks. Care is taken to ascertain whether the applicant is a wholesale or retail dealer, and whether there is a bar upon his premises. Not only does the temptation to drink, which is the result of the constant handling of liquor, add to the risk, even if the dealer be a temperate man, but the selling of liquor is attended by many dangers."

Can any sane man read this frank statement, and adhere to a belief that alcoholic liquors are not deleterious in their physical effects, and that they do not shorten human life? Read the official definition of moderate drinking, and ask any drinking man who plumes himself on being a "moderate" drinker whether he ever allows himself to exceed the limit there set down. If he be truthful, he will frankly admit such to be the case. Furthermore, it is certain that the distinction is really arbitrary. If alcohol in a certain daily dose is injurious, it can not be beneficial in a smaller dose. The assertion that it is carries its own disproof. The fact is that alcohol is a poison to the system, and its effect is in direct proportion to the amount taken and the frequency of the taking. When the people at large understand this and other primal facts concerning it, they will be ready to join in the effort to pulverize the rum power.—Toledo Blade.

NOTES BY THE WAY.

We have in the United States thirty-six thousand more saloons than public schools.

The physicians in charge of the cholera patients at Hamburg, Germany, found the mortality specially heavy among inebriates.

At the international exhibition held on the Isle of Man, last July, no liquor was sold. This was due to the chief director, who resisted all temptations from within and from without to let liquor in.

The well-known scientist, Dr. B. W. Richardson, sums up the case against drink in the words: "If by any miracle England were made sober, the average value of life of the people would be increased one-third."

It is significant that a strong and resolute French ministry, which had withstood triumphantly a severe strain growing out of the Panama troubles, should finally be defeated upon a proposition to increase the tax on liquors, and feel obliged to resign. Great is the power of liquor.—National Temperance Advocate.

The boy who kindled a fire in his father's barn, intending to put it out before it had gone too far, was not less foolish than the father himself, who thought to indulge the drink habit and yet escape the drunkard's doom, on the plea that he could take it or let it alone and that he knew just when to stop.—United Presbyterian.

Among the recent cases at the Thirtieth street police station, in New York city, was that of a four-year-old boy who was found by an agent of Mr. Gerry's society quite drunk. It also transpired in the investigation that he had "acquired a habit of going on sprees." The police also found the mother drunk and arrested her. Alas! for a home with such a mother!

John Ruskin has never been ranked among the so-called "temperance fanatics," but few have ever used stronger language than he in the following: "Drunkenness is not only the cause of crime, but it is crime; and if any encourage drunkenness for the sake of the profit derived from the sale of drink, they are guilty of a form of moral assassination as criminal as any that has been practiced by the braves of any country or any age."

While Maine sends brewers and beersellers to jail as criminals, brewing lords, peers and baronets abound in England. Among the beer lords are Lord Twedmouth, of Menx's brewery; Lord Iveagh, of Guinness', and Lord Ardilaun, of the same brewing firm; Lord Hindlip, of the Allsop brewery, and Lord Burton, of the Burton brewery. The Maine method of dealing with brewers is on the whole far more exemplary and wholesome.

HOW AN ANGEL LOOKS.

Robin, holding his mother's hand,
Says "Good night" to the big folks all.
Throws some kisses from rosy lips,
Laughs with glee through the lighted hall,
Then in his own crib, warm and deep,
Rob is tucked for a long night's sleep.

Gentle mother with fond caress,
Slips her hand through his soft, brown hair,
Thinks of his fortune all unknown,
Speaks aloud in an earnest prayer:
"Holy angels, keep watch and ward,
God's good angels, my baby guard!"

"Mamma, what is an angel like?"
Asked the boy in a wondering tone;
"How will they look if they come here,
Watching me while I'm all alone?"
Half with Shrinking and fear spoke he;
Answered the mother tenderly:

"Prettiest faces ever were known,
Kindest voices and sweetest eyes!"
Robin, waiting for nothing more,
Cried with a look of pleased surprise,
Love and trust in his eyes of blue,
"I know, mamma—they're just like you!"
—Household.

AT FIFTY-ONE.

Jesting is over with me forever—
Life is too sober at fifty-one;
No longer I worship the witty and clever;
Things that amuse me I loath and shun.
I have come to the summit and now begun
To sink to the vale on the other side;
There's a damp in the air—there's a gloom on the sun
Whose waning the vapors of Orcus hide.

And my fellow travelers, left and right,
Fall away from the track as we downward hie
To their several homes; they are not in sight,
But I hear the bells as they bid good-by!
How lonely I feel as I get more nigh
To my destined inn—a dismal place!
Shut from all glimpse of the goodly sky;
And the sunshine of every friendly face.

Yet, what is to dread? There's a Master there
Full of pity, to welcome the weary guest;
Who will bind the footsore and have good care
Of every poor soul who seeks His rest.
I tremble to go to Him, unconfessed—
I bear Him no letters from priest or pope—
But I carry a passport within my breast
Of his own sure word—and a deathless hope.
—Thomas William Parsons in Boston Journal.

PENNSYLVANIA EXHIBITS AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

Are ahead of them all, chiefly among them is the display of pure liquors manufactured in the state. It is conceded that no rye whiskies made in the world can equal those made in Pennsylvania, more especially Silver Age, Duquense or Bear Creek. These three brands head the list of pure Ryes, and are so well known that every reputable dealer sells them. North East, South and West they lead all others, because they are pure; because they are reliable, and because they are stimulants that strengthen and invigorate. They are sold at prices wthin the reach of all, and are sold upon their merits for purity and strength. Silver Age, $1.50; Duquense, $1.25; Bear Creek, $1.00, full standard quarts. Ask your dealer for them; insist on having them, and if you cannot be supplied, send to Max Klein, Allegheny, Pa. Price list of all liquors sent on application. All goods packed neatly and securely.

Max Klein, Allegheny, Pa.
S. Schloss, Williamsport, Pa., Agent.

—In announcing his committees speaker Crisp has made a number of surprises. He says he consulted no one in making up the list. Mr. Springer has been deposed from the chairmanship of Ways and Means and Mr. Wilson, of West Virginia, substituted. Mr. Moses, of Georgia, is Chairman of the pension committee. He is from the same State as Secretary Hoke Smith, and probably as willing a tool of his master Cleveland.

If you want to get cured take Manners Double Extract Sarsaparilla. It's the best. Try it. 50 cents.

—All the Grand Army Posts in West Virginia have passed resolutions condemning the Administration's pension policy with reference to suspensions under the act of 1890. The point urged in the resolution is the same that the Republican has claimed from the beginning, viz., that the proper plan would be "to prove the fraud before the pensioner is dropped."

USE DANA'S SARSAPARILLA, ITS "THE KIND THAT CURES."

—The Hebrew New Year will occur on Monday, September 11, and will be known as 5654 in the Jewish calender. As seven out of every nineteen years contain thirteen Jewish months, next year will be a long one, extending from Sept. 11, 1893 to October 1, 1894.

It Never fails to Cure—MANNERS DOUBLE EXTRACT SARSAPARILLA.

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Up to date about 7,000 pensions have been suspended under Commissioner Lochren's ruling regarding the disability act of 1890.

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"Hear me.

"Many times I wished I was dead before I took *Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.*

"I was discouraged, broken-hearted. I was so ill with female trouble I could not walk or stand, and had to be assisted to my feet when arising from a chair. My head whirled, and back ached, but worst of all was that awful crowding-down feeling in my abdomen.

"A friend told me of the Vegetable Compound; her faith won mine, and now I am well. Oh! how can I return thanks to Mrs. Pinkham!

"Every woman troubled with uterus or womb troubles can be cured, for it cured me, and will them."—Mrs. Kerhaugh, Juniata St., Nicetown, Pa.

All druggists sell it. Address in confidence, Lydia E. Pinkham Med. Co., Lynn, Mass. *Liver Pills, 25 cents.*

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REMEMBER WE GUARANTEE A CURE and invite the most careful investigation as to our responsibility and the merits of our Tablets.

READ OUR TESTIMONIALS

Double Chloride of Gold Tablets

Will completely destroy the desire for TOBACCO in from 3 to 5 days. Perfectly harmless; cause no sickness, and may be given in a cup of tea or coffee without the knowledge of the patient, who will voluntarily stop smoking or chewing in a few days.

DRUNKENNESS and MORPHINE HABIT can be cured at home, and without any effort on the part of the patient, by the use of our SPECIAL FORMULA GOLD CURE TABLETS.

During treatment patients are allowed the free use of Liquor or Morphine until such time as they shall voluntarily give them up.

We send particulars and pamphlet of testimonials free, and shall be glad to place sufferers from any of these habits in communication with persons who have been cured by the use of our TABLETS.

HILL'S TABLETS are for sale by all FIRST-CLASS druggists at $1.00 per package.

If your druggist does not keep them, enclose us $1.00 and we will send you, by return mail, a package of our Tablets.

Write your name and address plainly, and state whether Tablets are for Tobacco, Morphine or Liquor Habit.

DO NOT BE DECEIVED into purchasing any of the various nostrums that are being offered for sale. Ask for HILL'S TABLETS and take no other.

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THE OHIO CHEMICAL CO.:
DEAR SIR:—I have been using your cure for tobacco habit, and found it would do what you claim for it. I used ten cents worth of the strongest chewing tobacco a day, and from one to five cigars; or I would smoke from ten to forty pipes of tobacco. Have chewed and smoked for twenty-five years, and two packages of your Tablets cured me so I have no desire for it.
B. M. JAYLORD, Leslie, Mich.

DOBBS FERRY, N. Y.
THE OHIO CHEMICAL CO.:—GENTLEMEN:—Some time ago I sent for $1.00 worth of your Tablets for Tobacco Habit. I received them all right and, although I was both a heavy smoker and chewer, they did the work in less than three days. I am cured.
Truly yours, MATHEW JOHNSON, P. O. Box 65.

PITTSBURGH, PA.
THE OHIO CHEMICAL CO.:—GENTLEMEN:—It gives me pleasure to speak a word of praise for your Tablets. My son was strongly addicted to the use of liquor, and through a friend, I was led to try your Tablets. He was a heavy and constant drinker, but after using your Tablets but three days he quit drinking, and will not touch liquor of any kind. I have waited four month before writing you, in order to know the cure was permanent. Yours truly,
MRS. HELEN MORRISON.

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PLATNUM FUSES AND ELECTRIC BLASTING APPARATUS.

ROCK DRILLS—Rock Drills operated by hand, steam or compressed air, with boilers, air compressors and engines for operating the same.

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Cleanses the Nasal Passages,

Allays Pain and Inflamation,

Heals the Sores

Restores the Sense of Taste and Smell.

TRY THE CURE

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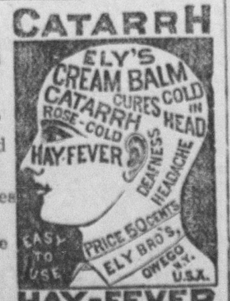

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PILES "ANAKESIS" gives instant relief and is an infallible Cure for Piles. Price $1. By Druggists or mail. Samples free. Address "ANAKESIS," Box 2416, New York City.

AN UNPUBLISHED SENSATION.

"Step into my private office when you are at liberty, Mr. Bennett."

The request was made in terse, authoritative tones, familiar enough to every man in the editoral department of the paper as those of Mr. Priest, the managing editor—an undersized fussy little chap, with hair prematurely gray, tiny sharp eyes, like a ferret's and enormous ears that seemed designed by nature to catch all the news there was adrift. The latter organs he had a peculiar fashion of moving backward and forward when excited or interested—a mullish mannerism which had earned him various more or less appropriate nicknames.

"Yes, sir," answered Bennett, looking up from the preparation of an article on the superlative greatness, past present and future, of Kansas City. "Be there in five minutes," he added, and then sotto voce—"wonder what the duce is up now. Some idiot's been complaining about a report, of course." With this reflection the young man resumed his laudatory screed on the advantages of Kansas City, commercially, socially, and generally. At last the column of fiction, upon which he had expended a good deal of energy, was handed over to the city editor, with the remark. "Here's that rot about the town." An instant later Bennett had disappeared down the passage to confer with his chief.

"Wonder what Priest wants with him." said Godfrey, one of the stars of the staff, who had acquired local fame by virtue of a series of "beats" during his four months of service with the paper.

"May be going to do tardy justice, and raise his salary," said O'Dell, the court man, cynically. "Bennett's been doing all the fancy work since poor Durnald quit, and he ought to get Durnald's salary, but he doesn't."

At this moment a messenger entered to inform Godfrey that he too was wanted in the managerial sanctum, whereat garrulous little Davis at once urged the correctness of his surmise, that an unusal "something" was transpiring behind the figured glass doors of the editorial room.

"Sit down, Bennett," snapped the editor, as the former entered. Priest was a type. One of a class of men who seem to find their way into positions of influence and authority on newspapers without difficulty. He was not a writer, and in fact could hardly construct a sentence correctly. He lacked most of the elements naturally supposed indispensable to success in such a place, but Priest had other qualifications, added to a good nose for news, which appealed more strongly to the stockholders of the paper. Chief among them was his ability to play into the hands of the business office, hold down writers' salaries to the minimum, and curtail the expenses of his department generally. There are literary brains enough to be got for a very little money, clever writers on any and all topics of the day but men of the Priest pattern were scarcer.

The air of the managing editor, as he motioned Bennett to a seat, was preoccupied. He was always preoccupied when spoken to or approached by any but the business manager. Then he was obsequious. His manner now said, as plainly as words could have said it, "You are my subordinate, and must be duly impressed with the dignity of my position." After gazing for some moments, in an attitude of deep thought, at a social item of utter unimportance, which had slipped in among his correspondence by mistake, Mr. Priest dropped the little slip of paper into his capacious waste-basket, swung round in his swing-chair, and faced Jack Bennett.

"Mr. Bennett," he jerked, "I'm going to detail you on an important piece of work.

"Yes, sir," replied Bennett, with a becoming show of interest.

You know, Mr. Bennett," continued the chief, "all the main facts regarding the counterfeit five-dollar bills which flooded the city during the last few months."

"I believe I am tolerably familiar with the matter, sir," was the reply.

"The fact is, Bennett," and the little man's ears began to oscillate with increasing rapidity—the fact is, that every detective in the city has worked on this case for weeks at a time. They have all failed and the search has been practically abandoned. The police acknowledge themselves beaten, Bennett." The editor brought his hand down on the arm of the chair with an emphatic thump. "Now then," and the ferret-eyed little man leaned forward as though to add weight to his words, "I have always held that a good reporter is the best detective in the world. You have done some very good work for the paper, Bennett—very good indeed. You will take this case. Devote your whole time to it, follow up every conceivable clue, run these fellows to earth and—well, if you succeed, it will make a difference in your salary.

"You will take any other man off the local staff you may desire to assist you," went on the editor before Bennett had time to reply. "I should suggest Godfrey He's a bright fellow, quite up to the work, I should think."

"I think Godfrey is the right man sir," answered Bennett. Godfrey entered a moment later in response to a summons by telephone. The nature of the business on which he had been detailed was explained, and then both men were dismissed with the injunction to do their best.

The task set these two reporters was by no means an easy one. Detectives, and reputedly smart ones, had worked on the counterfeiting case for months, but as the editor said, no clue, however faint, had been found to the makers of the base five-dollar notes.

A week after he had been detailed on the matter, Jack Bennett sat lounging in an arm-chair at his rooms, examining one of the spurious bills for the hundredth time. He had just succeeded in running down, with the aid of Godfrey, a clue which the latter had suggested, but which like a dozen other suppressed clues, had proven false. A week is a long time in a newspaper office, and Bennett was beginning to chafe at his lack of success in finding a single thread to work on.

"A bad beginning," he mused. "A deuced bad beginning."

Taking the cigar from his lips, he again examined the counterfeit minutely. It was almost perfect. A slight difference, perhaps, in the texture of the paper between this and the genuine bill, but the lettering was clear and exact, the ink black and the printing without a flaw. None but an expert could have discerned the fraud.

Then Bennett fell to thinking of certain difficulties he had encountered in this investigation, which had so far proved profitless. Sometimes he had thought Godfrey was jealous of the precedence given another on the case; sometimes his assistance and suggestions seemed half-hearted. Still, there were times when he was feverishly anxious to hunt down a newly discovered clue. There was no doubt of the man's ability. Godfrey had worked up two or three affairs single-handed, in a manner that proved him a thoroughly capable man—and yet, there was something about his efforts to run down these counterfeiters that seemed half sincere.

Little was known of Godfrey on the paper. He floated in on the boom tide, just when a good man was badly needed, Jim Durnald, one of the best men Kansas City ever saw, had succumbed to the effect of six years' continuous work in the same chair, and was, at the time Godfrey's advent, a hopeless victim of paressis in a sanitarium, somewhere in the central part of the State. The poor fellow imagined he had purchased a controlling interest in the stock of two railroads and a steamship company. Of course, every one was sorry for Durnald, but in a news-paper-office there is very little room for sentiment. Jim was "out of the running," and it was necessary to get a man in his place at once. When Godfrey applied for the job, Fawcett, the city editor, put him on, and it took but a few days to demonstrate that a first-rate all-round man had been secured.

Bennett thought over his associations with the new man, and could find no real reason for complaint. Mentally resolving, however, to adopt a new line of research on the following day, he was about to retire, when a knock at the door startled him. It was the sharp rapping of some one in a hurry.

"Jack, say Jack!" Bennett recognized the voice as that of young Davis. "Get up and let me in, old chap," went on the outsider.

Bennett walked over, turned the key, and threw the door open. "Why, Davis!" he exclaimed, "what's the row. You look as though you had seen a "ghost," for the junior member of the staff was very pale and very much excited.

Davis assumed an air which told plainly enough that he had a disclosure to make. The youngster drew up a chair, lighted one of Bennett's cigars, and replied to his friend's query with a question.

"How are you getting on with the case, Bennett?" he inquired cooly.

"What case?"

"Come now, old fellow," went on the youth. "I havn't been in this business as long as you have, but I have learned enough to pick up a piece of news before I fall over it."

"Well what have you picked up this time?" asked Bennett, rather disconcerted at the peculiar manner of his young colleague.

Davis pitched his hat in a corner, stuffed both hands deep down into his trousers-pockets, and with an air of quiet assurance, proceeded.

"What I came here for, at this unearthly hour of the night, was to put you on the right track, and help you to capture these queer pushers. You're all wrong," said the lad, with peculiar emphasis on the last three words.

"Look here Davis," and Bennett rose to his feet, "what the devil are you driving at?"

"Oh, now, don't treat me like a child," interposed the other indignantly. "I am on to the whole game. You're working on this counterfeiting story, and Godfrey's working with you—that is he's supposed to be. Am I right."

"Supposed you are right," said Bennett guardedly. "What then?"

"What then!" cried Davis, sitting bolt upright, "why just what I said before. You're on the wrong lay—clear off the scent, I tell you, Look here, Bennett," he continued in an excited voice, "I've been working on this thing for two months. There's a $1,000 reward offered for the capture of the gang, don't you see, and what I want is the reward."

Bennett could not repress an amused smile. The vanity of this younster tickled him immensely, but Davis was a bright sort of little chap, and a fellow couldn't help liking him.

"I've followed up every clue," he went on. "Hundreds of 'em have amounted to nothing, but I tell you, Bennett," and the lad's face flushed with the excitement he felt, "I'm on to the whole deal now. I'd bet my life against a dollar that I can run these fellows to earth in a couple of days."

Bennett was interested now, and he was never wider awake in his life than when, turning sharply round on his heel, he pushed the excited junior member into a chair, and took up a position before him.

"Out with it now," he said somewhat fiercely. "What do you know?"

The lad shrugged his shoulders as a man will who is sure of his position, and replied calmly, "Turn about's fair play. What do you know?"

"Well," said Bennett, "to be perfectly frank with you, I have discovered nothing. The whole case looks just as blank as it did a week ago, when I was put on it."

"That's what I thought," replied the youth. "Now I'll tell you something. It's not altogether fame I'm after in this thing, Bennett. I need that $1000, I'd get married in less than no time."

"A laudable idea, my boy,—very fine," laughed Bennett. "Er—who is the lady?" he added.

"Dolly Taylor, of Omaha. Sweetest little girl in the world. I've known her all my life, went to high school with her, know all about her, and love her all the more, the more I know of her. There are only two in the family—just Dolly and her mother. There's a brother somewhere, but he's the black sheep of the family—been in some bad scrapes, I'm told, but they never speak of him. The father's dead, you know, and its a case of highly respectable poverty. Well, to cut it short," concluded the youngster, "that $1,000 would come in awful handy, and I never miss a chance, Bennett. Will you help me to carry this thing out? Give me the money, and you take the glory. Will you do it?"

"Yes, yes," replied the other hastily. "Now tell me your story."

"I had better begin with the most important fact," said Davis, deliberately turning over the leaves of his note book, "Here is the entry," he went on. "It is dated just three years ago. I reads like this—'Godfrey is the counterfeiter.'"

"Eh! Why, what thud—l! By George you're crazy, Godfrey, one of the best all-round newspaper men in the West, a member of this gang? Oh, come, Davis, this is all rot—utter idiocy," and Bennett began to pace the floor hastily. "Still," he went on as though arguing the proposition in his own mind, "I don't know either. There have been one or two queer things——"

He glanced at Davis. That young gentlemen had placidly closed his note-book, and was waiting for his friend to calm down.

"Go on with your story," said Bennett.

"It was quite by chance," Davis resumed, 'that I got my clue. I was down at Schaefer's place to-night, looking up a piece of news, when there was a row at the bar. A swell-looking chap had tried to ring a flash five on Bill, the bartender. Bill had him by the scruff of the neck and was going to send for the police. The man protested violently that he was all right, and offered a large roll of bills in evidence, but Bill was obdurate, and there would have been a pinch all right if something hadn't turned up in the nick of time. Now what do you think happened?"

"Give it up."

"Just then Godfrey stepped over from one of the billiard-tables, cool as you please; shook hands with the man, swore to the barkeeper that he was all right, and asked Bill as a personal favor not to disgrace him by arrest. You know Godfrey is chums with every detective and patrolman in the town, and Bill knew him well as the police reporter of our paper. The upshot of the thing was that he just turned the swell loose and apologized. The latter laughed at the adventure, bought drinks for all the loafers, and everybody forgot it. What impressed me was the expression of the man's face. You never in your life saw an innocent man get as white. I kept my eye on the chap, and pretty soon he got over to the table where Godfrey was still playing billiards. They had a brief talk, and as soon as the game was over Godfrey went out alone. There was a big crowd in the place, and he had not seen me. I had a mind at first to follow him, but on second thoughts determined to shadow the other fellow. In a few moments he went out, too. I was on the other side of the street in a jiffy. He went through the front door of Harper's place on Topeka Street, and I was after him like a shot. As I entered the front, he disappeared through the back-door into the alley. There was no one watching, and like a flash I seized the nigger's coat from the wall, threw it over my shoulders and walked out into the alley. My hat was pulled over my eyes, and even Dolly would not have known me."

"Well?" asked Bennett who was now visibly agitated.

"Well, I found 'em there. They were talking in the shadow of the building, and of course I did not dare stop. My object was to find them together. That settled the thing in mind, but I followed farther to make sure. I've tracked them to Godfrey's room, and now I know enough to justify a raid."

"You confounded young 'un!" gasped the excited Bennett. "I believe you're smarter than the lot of us. Hang me," he added, "if I don't believe you're right."

"Right!" exclaimed the youth, in a sort of shriek. "Of course I'm right. Why man, don't you see the game—Godfrey's I mean? He's a crack o' jack at the business. Knows something about newspaper-work, makes application for a job nd gets the very run he most wants—police. He works hard, is a good writer, gets in with all the detectives and patrolmen, and knows just about what they are all doing. Why, he even travelled round with them, working on this very case. Right!" added the excited young sleuth, panting for breath: "Why, it's the greatest graft on earth, and the grafter, like Caesar's wife, above suspicion,"

"When would you suggest making the arrest?" asked Bennett.

"Godfrey will be alone in the room after midnight. We must manage it alone, us too. If the police make the capture, we shall lose both the credit and the reward. The room is number 20, top floor to the Perry block. It must be done to-morrow night. If anything scares these chaps, it'll be all day with our plans."

"To-morrow then," said Bennett. "Be here at 10 o'clock sharp, and we can arrange the details then. I'll take care of Godfrey during the day, and you keep out of sight. Now skip out and go to bed," he added. "We need a rest before tackling this job. Oh, by the way," he concluded, "bring a gun with you."

The cuckoo-clock on Bennett's mantel crackled the hour of two, as Davis left the apartment.

At a quarter-past-twelve Fawcett, the city-editor, sat lolling in his spring chair, having one of those little breathing spells that come so rarely to the city man on a morning paper. A sudden, almost cyclonic, rush into the local room brought Fawcett up standing in an instant. The new arrival was Bennett. Blood was trickling from a long scratch on his face, and his clothing gave evidence that he was fresh from an encounter.

"What, is it, Bennett?" asked the city-editor, scenting a sensation.

"Got 'em," answered the other briefly, grasping a tab of paper. Got the leader of the gang like a rat in a trap. It's Godfrey. We've tied him up, and Davis is standing guard over him with a gun."

"What!" shrieked Fawcett, and then recovering himself—"Great Scott! hot stuff, old man. Get right at it."

Bennett's pencil began to fly over the paper.

"The gang of counterfeiters whose shrewdness has proven too much for the best detectives in the country,'" he wrote, "have at last been run to earth. The details of the capture, and the events leading up to it, furnish one of the most remarkable pages in criminal history——"

The rest of the story was never written. The half-covered page of copy was torn from Bennett's hand. He looked up angrily, for the time was short. There ghostly pale, and shaking from head to foot, stood Davis.

"Come out, quick," he gasped, and Bennett rushed after him to the elevator. They entered the car just as Fawcett called loudly to Bennett to rush up his copy,

"In heaven's name, what's the matter?" asked Bennett excitedly, but Davis only gasped for breath, and pulled the other out of the lift towards the street door. Once in the street, he spoke.

"Jack, you must not write that story. I—I've let the fellow go."

"You!"

"I've let him go, I tell you. For God's sake, don't write the story, Jack. It's my story, by——, and you sha'nt write it" as Bennett hesitated before replying. "I'll tell you why. After we tied the fellow up, and you came down here to write the story, I saw a girl's picture on the table. I believe my blood almost froze in my veins as I looked at it, for the picture was of her, It was Dolly's photograph. D—it, don't you see, the man's her brother, the scapegrace, the vagabond, the——"

Bennett was undergoing a struggle, a terrible struggle. If he wrote the story, he would deserve to be kicked all the way to the Pacific coast, if he didn't write it, he would certainly be kicked out of the office. It was Davis who got the story. He knew that well. Yet the paper would never recognize such an excuse. The faces of the twain shone white in the light of the street-lamp. The younger one was watching his companion eagerly.

"You won't write it, Jack," he begged almost piteously.

"No, old chap, I won't. Not if the whole press of the country turns its back on me. Come, youngster, we've got to shake this town. It's too hot to hold us,"

At daybreak next morning two unkempt fellows boarded a Chicago train at a way station, ten miles from Kansas City. The morning paper contained a garbled story about a capture and a daring escape, but the only two men who knew the inside of the affair were speeding eastward as fast as steam could carry them. The whole affair was a great sensation in newspaper circles, and there were a good many theories evolved to account for the extraordinary behavior of certain absentees. Bribery was freely hinted, but there were those who knew that something more than mere money had prompted Bennett to throw up the biggest beat of the year. Little Priest swore pompously that he would black-list both the men in every newspaper-office in America, but, despite the threat, Bennett is now one of the most valued men in New York, while little Davis has grown into a big strapping fellow. He is the sporting editor of a Chicago daily, and his wife is a pretty little girl whose name was once Dolly Taylor, and her residence Omaha.

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Ripans Tabules cure dyspepsia.

It never fails to cure—MANNERS double extract SARSAPARILLA. 50c. everywhere

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First class work and material. Nothing cheap but the price. Satisfaction guaranteed in fit and style.

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The Champion Road Grader has fulfilled all the claims made for its superior capacity. The Supervisors of Union Township purchased one during the spring of 1892, with which they have made the most improved public roads in Centre county. Prior to this year the Supervisors were required to assess six mills road taxes—this year, 1893, they assessed four mills, next year, 1894, they propose to assess three mills road taxes and improve their roads more than they did with six mills road taxes before they purchased their Champion Road Grader from Messrs. McCalmont & Co. Formerly the tax payers had to do the work with shovels and picks, now the horses do the most of the work.

Champion Rock Crusher.

The Champion Rock Crusher has no equal or competitor, when we compare the quantity of stone crushed in one day, seventy to eighty tons, with the power required to operate it—for the proof of which, we refer those interested or who may want to buy a stone crusher to improve their public roads, to the supervisors and tax payers of Walker twp. Centre Co., Pa., as well as to S. D. Tice, a contractor of Howard, and Wallace White, a contractor of Spring township, Centre Co., Pa., who crushes stone for for macadamizing streets and turnpikes.

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After your roads and streets are macadamized, the Champion Road Roller, operated by horses, can be used to great advantage in rolling down the loose stone to make the road smooth. Those in want of Road Machinery will promote their own interest by inspecting the above machinery before purchasing.

Further information, as to prices and merit, will be furnished on application.

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One reason why *Scott's Emulsion* of Pure Norwegian Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda has had such a large sale is because it is "Almost as palatable as milk;" but the best reason is that its curative properties are unequalled. It cures the cough, supplies the waste of tissues, produces flesh and builds up the entire system.

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WHITES - - - -

Canada Thistle - - Exterminator.

FACTORY AT BELLEFONTE, PA., IN WHAT IS KNOWN AS THE BELLEFONTE CAR WORKS.

This is a discovery that is destined to prove a blessing to every farmer and land owner.

Whites Canada Thistle Exterminator is a preparation discovered and put on the market by Samuel White, of Bellefonte, Pa. A tablespoonful of this preparation placed on a thistle will kill every stalk so treated in five days from the top of the ground to the extreme length of the root. This has been proven by actual experiment. If applied according to directions furnished with every lot sold it is guaranteed to do the work. A number of Centre county land owners have given the Exterminator a thorough trial, among whom are Brockerhoff Bros. and W. Fred Reynolds. Mr. Reynolds has instructed his farmers to get as much as is needed to exterminate this pest from all of his farms.

PRICE PER BUSHEL, $2.50, OR $5 FOR BAG OF TWO BUSHELS.

Factory at Bellefonte Car Works. Orders addressed to Samuel White, Bellefonte, will receive prompt attention. Terms CASH on receipt of goods. Isaac Haupt authorized agent.

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Clothes REPAIRED, CLEANSED AND PRESSED.—I have concluded to take up my old trade and am now prepared to do Repairing, Cleaning and Pressing of Clothes at my residence, No. 231 East Lamb street. I solicit a share of patronage and guarantee perfect satisfaction. Work gathered and delivered promptly and charges as low as can possibly be made. A postal card dropped in the mail will receive attention at once.
23 48 tf WILLIAM McCLELLAN.

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I have opened a shop at corner of Allegheny and Howard streets, in old law office next door to residence of John P. Linn, where I am prepared to do repairing and cleaning of clothes. Orders by mail promptly attended to and satisfaction guaranteed. Give me a trial.
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No. 113 Girard & Frankford Avenues,
24-27-6m Philadelphia, Pa.

Bellefonte Republican,

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—No communication published unless accompanied by the real name of the writer.

Corespondents should write upon but one side of the paper, and avoid the use of pale or fancy inks.

EDWARD T. TUTEN.

Local Department.

—R. M. Magee and family left Bellefonte last Friday for the World's Fair.

—The Bellefonte Academy will commence its fall term Monday, Sept. 11.

—Miss Mamie Fox, of East Bishop St., gave a pleasant party to her friends last Wednesday evening. A large number of ladies and gentlemen were present.

—See ad of J. J. Lejeal, "Piano Tuning and Repairing," in the advertising columns of the REPUBLICAN this week. Mr. Lejeal will be in Bellefonte early in October.

—R. A. Cassidy, of Canton, Ohio, visited Bellefonte last week and attended the Veteran Club's picnic. His coming was rather unexpected. He combined business with pleasure.

—Bessie Hart, of Bishop street, who has been away to adjoining counties visiting friends for several weeks, returned home last Monday and was treated to a surprise party by her many friends.

—The Armor will case has been occupying the attention of the court all the week up to the time of our going to press and is still on. It is attracting much interest. Many ladies are in attendance at the trial. We will give the result next week.

—The Bellefonte Board of Trade met last Tuesday evening. There were many projects proposed to advance the interest of our town, but that was all. We hope they may be able to build up our town and we believe they will yet accomplish much.

—The Eureka Grocery, is going ahead just the same as though the times were not hard. Their business keeps up the same as ever. What is the reason? Is it not because they sell the best in the market at the lowest price, That's what's the matter.

—Some months ago there was a civil service examination of candidates for mail carriers for Bellefonte office. Several candidates were examined and their papers sent to Washington. Only one passed, however, Elsworth Ardery, of Coleville. His rating stood 75,54.

—Mr. and Mrs. Robert McKnight, Sr., departed last week for Philadelphia to attend the funeral of Thomas McKnight. While they were away their little granddaughter was taken sick and died. They were very much attached to the child. We feel sorry for them in this double affliction.

—J. C. Weaver departed last Wednesday for Burlington, Vermont, where he was called as an important witness in a will case. He will go from here to New York then take a day trip by boat up the Hudson river to Albany, from there to his destination. It will be a very pleasant trip.

—A Reformed sociable was held at the home of George Kaupt, who lives on the farm of E. C. Humes, Esq., about one mile from Bellefonte. A large number of Bellefonters were in attendance and had a good time. The proceeds of the entertainment were devoted to repairs of the church.

—F. W. Crider is excavating the cellar under Montgomery & Co's store in the Exchange to make it deeper. He will cement the sides and bottom, put in shelves so that they can have a store room under the ground. All a tenant of Mr. Crider has to do is say what he wants and he gets it.

—A little daughter of Philip Iddings, of Unionville, was run over and seriously hurt while on a trip to Clearfield county with her father. The buggy ran over her head. She had every attention from kind people in Clearfield county. She was brought home but was no better last Monday night. We hope she may soon be well again.

—The court fixed the following voting places last Monday: North ward of Bellefonte, at the stone school house on the corner of Allegheny and Linn streets. West ward, at the United Brethern church on the corner of High and Thomas streets. Union township at private house of Samuel Brugger; Unionville at the New Hall of P. O. S. of A.

—Miss Katie M. Green, daughter of Mr and Mrs. F. P. Green, and Clevan Dinges, formerly of Centre Hall, now of Williamsport, will be united in marriage at the Presbyterian church on Wednesday, Sept. 20. The cards of invitation are out. They will be at home to their friends after Oct. 16, at 332 West Third street, Williamsport. We wish them a long, happy and prosperous life.

—Last Friday evening Mr. and Mrs. John T. Johnston, of west Linn street, entertained a large number of invited guests at their pleasant home. There were seventy five persons present including the best people of the town. Mrs. Johnston is a liberal entertainer as all know who have enjoyed her hospitality. There is no home in this place more pleasant to visit. At eight o'clock an elegant supper was served by young ladies and gentleman friends and relatives of the hostess. It was a very pleasant occasion. The party did not break up until midnight.

CHURCH DEDICATION LAST SUNDAY.

Last Sunday the Lutheran society of Bellefonte dedicated their new church on the corner of Linn and Allegheny streets, to the service of the most High God. The Presbyterians, Reformed, Methodist and United Brethrens closed their churches in the morning so that their members could join in this grand occasion. The church was crowded both morning and evening and the services were of a very interesting character. They had a special choir for this occasion which rendered enchanting music. They were Frank Fisher, George Smith, Al. Dale, Mr. and Mrs. H. Y. Stitzer, Mrs. Will Kuhn, Myrtle Eberhart with Miss Onmacht as organist.

The sermon in the morning service was delivered by Rev. E. J. Wolf, D. D., professor of church history at Gettysburg Seminary. Rev. Fisher, of Centre Hall, Dr. William Laurie, and Rev. George Elliot, of Bellefonte, Rev. Diehl, of Snydertown, assisted in the service. Rev. Wolf's text was "Upon this rook I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." It was a very able discourse, and was listened to with close attention by the large audience. Rev. E. E. Hoshour, the pastor, followed with a very important part of the service, viz., to raise money to pay off the debt of four thousand dollars still remaining on the church. He made himself a very important subscription towards that end by subscribing five hundred dollars. Over two thousand dollars was raised at the morning service. In the evening the sermon was preached by Rev. Dr. McKnight, L. L. D., President of the Pennsylvania College at Gettysburg. He was assisted in the balance of the service by Revs. Noll, Houck, Blackburn, of Bellefonte, and Rev. Aiken, of Pine Grove Mills. His subject was "The love of God." It was eloquent and interesting. Another effort to raise money to pay the debt was made. The money was at last raised when the building committee, represented by Frank B. Stover, handed over the church building to the congregation, after which the pastor dedicated it to the service and worship of God. $11,775.00 had been paid on the building while it was in process of construction and the money raised last Sunday was the balance due. The society is to be congratulated upon their success. They have had many obstacles to overcome but they have overcome them all. They have a very beautiful house of worship; the society should now enter upon an era of prosperity. We wish them great success in winning souls to Christ.

This church is now one of the handsomest in Bellefonte. Located, as it is, on the corner of Linn and Allegheny streets, it shows off to perfection. Built of Centre county brick, with cast iron trimmings, painted and sanded to represent brown stone, it is a fit temple for any congregation. The cost of the structure is $15,000. It is 100x50 feet outside, with 85x43 feet inside space. The interior is divided into a main congregation room 50x43 and a Sunday school room 33x43. Eight very large windows give plenty of light while a dozen smaller ones add additional beauty. There are two large memorial windows, one on each front, put in at a cost of $375 each. The one is in memory of Col. John H. Stover, of Kansas, and the other put in by the Sunday school, is in memory of four deceased scholars, Edith Dale, Mary Musser. Annie Ishler and Frank Harbaugh. Two large double entrances afford means of egress and ingress. Rev. Ed. Everett Hoshour, recently of Gettysburg, is pastor and the congregation is a large and growing one.

AN ELOPEMENT.

It is rare that we have to record an elopement from Bellefonte. Our young people "never; well hardly ever" marry without the approval of their parents, and parents never interpose serious objections to the union of two loving hearts without sufficient cause. When a parent raises an objection to the marriage of their son or daughter, a dutiful child will give their objections great consideration, as they should for the old people know all about it, but last week Miss Lucy Rice, who lives on Willow Bank street, eloped with a young man from Pleasant Gap by the name of David Keller. They were married at Camden, N. J. Young Keller is a son of Ephriam Keller and got acquainted with the young lady on his father's milk route. The young people are both of good parentage and no doubt will be received home without any protest.

PENSION EQUALITY.

Theodore P. Rynder, Esq., of Erie, President of the Pennsylvania Service Pension Association, visited his old home last Saturday and took in the picnic of the Veteran Club of Centre county at Hunter's Park. Of course he made a speech and then introduced the following resolution, which was passed unanimously with the endorsement of the President and Secretary of the association:

"Resolved, that it is the sense of the Veteran Club of Centre county, that the pension laws of the United States should be so modified that the veteran union soldiers of the late war should be placed upon an equality with the veterans of the Mexican war.

JAMES A. BEAVER, President,

JOHN C. MILLER, Secretary.

—The Tyrone *Herald* gets off this fable about "A Centre county farmer who went to New York recently to look at horses returned home with a violent admiration for the great metropolis. "I got a hall bedroom for $1.50 a week and eat on fifteen cents a day," he explained. "I found a saloon where they give lots of free lunch. I went there mornin', noon and night, bought a beer each time, and eat till I nigh busted." We think that "farmer" must have peen some bummer from Tyrone.

MYSTERIOUS NORTH WARD CRANK.

There is a foolish story being circulated that some man, sometimes dressed in woman's clothers, sometimes in male attire with a mask, has been following men, women and children after dark in the North ward of Bellefonte. We take no stock in it, and do not believe it has any better foundation than the lively imagination of some over sensitive individual. They say that this mysterious character caught Joseph Undercoffer and choked him, but Joseph indignantly denies that any person has meddled with him. An old gentleman saw him at Rhoad's corner; he was six feet tall and had on gum shoes and a mask, buthe did not molest him. In all this talk and fuss it does not appear that this man has molested anyone. Some parties want to get a detective here to catch the fellow, as though it would take a detective to catch a man who wears a mask and follows everybody. Last Tuesday evening several squads of valliant men were parading the streets hunting this imaginary character, vowing that if they got hold of him they would just paralize him, they did not find him. Such a story is foolish, if not true, and malicious in its wanton cruelty. It is calculated to frighten every woman and child who has occasion to be on the streets after dark, and all for what? Just to get up a sensation. How foolish. Some man followed some one. He wears gum shoes; he is six feet tall. He wears a mask. He sometimes wears women's clothes. He has been known to look into a window. No one has recognized him. No valiant defender of his lady love has had a chance to knock the stuffing out of him. He has attacked no one. The police don't know him. The conclusion should be, that he is either some Jealous swain watching his girl or else he is a fiction of the imagination. We advise the ladies to go out all they please. He is harmless, at anyrate.

BASE BALL BRIEFS.

In the River League very little was done since the last issue of the REPUBLICAN. Tyrone is out on its trip. It played last Saturday in Williamsport and was beaten by the Demorests by a score of 5 to 3. Monday they beat the same team in an exhibition game by the score of 9 to 7, On Tuesday they played in Bloomsburg where they were again beaten. Score 10 to 9. The Bellefonte team has been out this week on a tour playing exhibition games. Monday they defeated Clearfield by a score of 22 to 2. On Tuesday they were beaten at Puxsutawney. Score 2 to 0. Yesterday another game was played there which was again won by the home team by a score of 4 to 1. To-day Bellefonte plays at Brookville and to-morrow they will return home and in the afternoon meet the famous (?) Tyrone boys on the grounds in Hunter's Park. This is going to be a great game and everybody wants to go up and see it. River League standing to date:

	WON	LOST	P.C
Bellefonte	15	5	.750
Demorests	10	7	.588
Renovo	8	8	.500
Bloomsburg	4	7	.396
Tyrone	6	12	.333

RESOLUTIONS OE RESPECT.

At a recent meeting of the Victor Grange, the following resolutions were passed:

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God, in His good providence, to remove from our midst, by the hand of death, William Wilson Leech, on the 13th day of August, 1893, an esteemed member of our order, Victor Grange, No. 159, P. of H., and, also, a highly respected citizen of our community, therefore be it,

Resolved, By Victor Grange in session met August 19, 1893, that we hereby tender our sincere sympathy to the friends and relatives of our departed brother, in this their hour of affliction, humbly submitting to God's will, knowing that he does all things well;

Resolved, That our charter be draped in mourning for the space of thirty days, as a mark of our regard and respect to the memory of our departed brother.

Resolved, That a copy of this action of the Grange be communicated to three of the county papers for publication.

WILLIAM THOMPSON,
J. B. MAYES,
SAMUEL BAILEY, } Com.

THE STORY THE CROW TOLD.

Thursday, while walking on the beach a short distance above Wildwood, N J R S Cills, of Philadelphia, caught a crow. The bird, which had been tame, was evidently exhausted from long flight and lack of food. A letter was found fastened about its neck with a piece of wire. The letter had evidently been rain-soaked, and was much blurred. It had been hurriedly written and read as follows:

"MIDNIGHT, Aug. 24.—Just saw lightship go down. We are all fearful lest all be lost. Pray for us all, and may God bless you is our prayer. This is my tame crow I set to flight, and trust it may fall in some kind person's hand."

Signed schooner "Arnem" or "Antem." "H. K." or "R. K."

The name of the vessel and the initials signed are badly blurred and is most illegible. The bird is alive and doing well.

If the Democrats have got any gumption at all they will pass the Silver Repeal bill, adopt the Republican platform on the tariff and go home; but whoever accused them of having any gumption?

AUGUST COURT.

Commonwealth vs. Samuel Bennett, burglary. The indictment was defective and a bill was prepared for larceny. Prisoner plead guilty and was sentenced to one year in the penitentiary.

Thomas Meyer vs. George Alexander and H. S. Taylor, administrators. Verdict against defendants of $2,002 real debt and $50 Attorney's fees.

Harry T. Hall, of Lock Haven, was admitted to the practice of law in the courts of Centre county on motion of John G. Love, Esq. Wednesday morning at 10 o'clock a. m. the case of Commonwealth vs. J. M. Wahn was called. The following gentlemen were the jury in this case. John Hagen, sawyer, Howard; Newton Beckwith, farmer, Taylor; Elias Breon, car-painter, Spring; H. G. Meese, teacher, Benner; William Wasson, farmer, Patton; Calvin Wieland, coachmaker, Harris; Reuben Crane, chairmaker, Worth; Clement Dale, teacher, College; Thomas McCann, agent, Snow Shoe; Morris Furey, farmer Spring; John Confer, clerk, Milesburg, H. F. Bartley, carpenter Bellefonte.

The prisoner claimed to be a physician and was arrested at Lock Haven some months ago, charged with having performed an abortion on the person of Mrs. Mazie Winkleman wife of Horace Winkleman, of Nittany Hall. As the crime was committed in this county he was sent here for trial. This was one of the most important case before this court and excited considerable interest. The prisoner was defended by W. F. Reeder and E. R. Chambers, and the District Attorney was assisted in the prosecution by Ex-Judge John H. Orvis. A very strong case was made out against Wahn. Much of the testimony, of course, not fit for publication. The trial lasted until Friday afternoon; The jury went out about five o'clock and were out but about one and a half hours when they returned a verdict of "guilty in manner and form as indicted." The court then adjourned to Monday morning when Wahn was sentenced to the penitentary for five years, and to pay cost of prosecution and a fine of three hundred dollars The penalty for this crime in many states is death, but the maximum penalty in this state is $500,00 fine and seven years in prison. So the prisoner may credit himself with the good luck of having committed the act in this state. There is no doubt of his guilt.

GRAND JURY REPORT.

The grand jury at 2:40 Thursday afternoon made its final report to the court as follows:—

We have acted upon 29 bills of indictment, of which 21 were found true bills and eight ignored.

We beg leave further to report that we have visited and inspected the county buildings and find the jail building in fair condition. The painting on the front of the jail is in bad condition on windows and doors, and we recommend their being painted. The roof leaks in one place and should be repaired. The inside of the jail yard wall should be plastered, it being rough and full of holes.

We further report that we find the offices and vaults in the court house in good condition. We would recommend that the old benches or seats in the body of the court room be removed and replaced by confortable seats of the modern pattern, with the view also of making more seating capacity in the court room, and the seating capacity can also be increased by turning the staircase in front leading up to the court room.

We notice the roof of the court house leaks somewhere; we therefore recommend that it be repaired.

We take pleasure in commending the manner in which the present board of county commissioners have improved the grounds in front of the court house, and the work thus commenced we hope will be continued by renewing the walks all around the yard in front of the court house.

We respectfully tender our thanks to both honorable Judges and District Attorney for their courtesy and assistance rendered us during our deliberations.

ROBERT J. HAYNES, Foreman.

On Monday Sheriff Ishler took three prisoners to the Western Penitentary, assisted by deputies W. G. Runkle and William Collins, Viz., John M. Wahn, for five years; H. C. Bennet for larceny, one year; W. H. Young, larceny, one year and nine months.

MUST PAY FOR IT.

The Lock Haven *Democrat* of Saturday speaks of a decision of Court in that county in regard to water tax or rent which settles a question sometimes disputed, i e, that water tax so called is not a tax but a rent. The honorable court decides that it is a water rent. The *Democrat* says: "This morning Judge Mayer handed down an opinion in which he desides that water rent is not a tax. Had the opinion been rendered otherwise all churches, schools and institutions paying State tax in lieu of local tax would have been exempt from paying water rent. The opinion was rendered by the action of the school board requesting its solicitor to bring the question before the court. Under this opinion the school board will be compelled to pay the water rent which it refused to do some time ago.

THE NEW RAILROAD.

The Sugar Valley *Journal* says: Operations on the new railroad through Nittany Valley are being rapidly pushed. By next Saturday the entire road will be graded from Bellefonte to Mill Hall. The work of laying the ties and iron rails will then be commenced and pushed through as fast as possible. The people along the line are greatly pleased over the fact that they will soon have first class railroad facilities right at their door.

PERSONAL PENCILINGS.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert McKnight, Jr., are mourning the loss of their beautiful and interesting little daughter, only nine months old, which died last Thursday morning at half past eleven o'clock. It was sick but a short time only a few hours. Such a loss is hard to bear. We sympathize with them in their deep affliction The funeral was last Saturday.

T H. Cota, of Long Branch, New Jersey, has accepted a call from the Bellefonte Y. M. C. A. to become their general secretary. He will arrive in town on the fifteenth of September. He is a young man of eight years' experience and comes well recommended. There is no reason why the Bellefonte Y. M. C. A. should not be one of the best in the state. We hope the members of the association will wake up and make it so.

A DASTARDLY ACT.

Last Saturday morning at half-past six o'clock the Presbyterian church, located on Spring street, was discovered to be on fire. Mr. William Cleaver is the sexton. His wife came to the church to get it ready for the Sunday service, when she opened the door she was surprised to find the building full of smoke. She ran to the house of J. C. Miller, one of the trustees of the church who lives but three doors away, and called him. He hastened to the scene and at once sought the source of the trouble. On going to the basement he found fire at the rear end, a door was all ablaze. Upon further investigation it was found that some one had set a peach basket filled with wood and shavings, saturated with coal oil, against the door on the outside and set it on fire. The basket and contents were almost entirely consumed and burned the door through. A sill over the door was burned off and in a few moments more the fire would have been inside the walls of the building with results hard to determine. Near where the fire would have entered was the large pipe organ lately purchased by the society at an expense of nearly five thousand dollars. This instrument would have been reached by the flames at once and been ruined. It was a dastardly attempt to destroy valuable property. The police, as far as we know, have no clue to the criminal.

BOROUGH COUNCIL.

The council met last Monday night. Permission was granted the Bellefonte Fuel and Supply Co., to erect oil tanks along the railroad below the car works. John G. Love, Esq., appeared for them before the council. The permission was granted for a term of ten years.

A complaint was made by Mr. Huffman that there was not sufficient water supply on East Bishop street. Referred to water committee.

Reservoir Hill was complained of for the second time this was referred to street committee. Councilman Al. Garman secured the passage of an order that none but citizens of Bellefonte should be employed on its streets.

McCalmont & Co., invited the council to inspect a piece of road which the company had built at their coal yard. The invitation was accepted.

The amendment to the cow ordinance reducing the fine from two dollars to one dollar, and cows not to be interfered with while returning from pasture in the evening was passed.

The Borough Treasurer Chas F. Cook, was present and gave the council some idea of where they stood in money matters.

STORMSTOWN.

A great many people from this place attended the Veteran's Reunion at Hunters Park last Saturday, as well as the Half Moon Cornet Band.

The Friend's Centre Quarterly meeting was held in the Friend's Church near this place last Saturday, Sunday and Monday with the usual large attendance.

Mr. Howard Borst had his eyes badly burned with power by the bursting of a gun last Saturday.

Mr. Robert Wickersham of Adams Co. attended the Friends Quarterly Meeting last Sunday.

Mr. George Seigle died last Monday morning after an illness of several weeks the funeral will take place on Wednesday at 9 o'clock a. m.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Laird of Franklinville are visting friends at this place.

Dr. F. B. Burket, of Cleveland O., is the guest of his parents Mr. and Mrs. P. W. Burkett of this place.

IN CARRYING a gun the great point is to point the muzzle the other way.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

VETERAN CLUB'S PICNIC.

Centre County's Ex-Soldiers Spend a Delightful Day at Hunter's Park.

What a lucky stroke the old soldiers made last year at Grange Park when they voted to hold the nineteenth annual reunion of the Centre County Veteran Club at Hunters Park. In years past this gathering was looked forward to as one of the most momentous events of the season, but in the two years it was held at Grange Park, during the week of the Granger's Picnic the one event was swallowed up in the other. But Saturday last. What a time they did have. Almost, if not entirely, five thousand persons were present to mingle with the old veterans in their annual lovefeast. From five to six hundred old soldiers were present and the occasion was one of the best held for years. Every train to the Park was crowded. It was almost twelve o'clock when the train from Bellefonte arrived that brought with it the officers of the association. These at once made their way to the large pavilion where Col. Austin Curtin, at once got down to work. General Beaver, president of the Club, called the assemblage to order and appointed two necessary committees, one on the election of officers, and the other on the place of meeting for next year. Adjournment was then made for dinner, and here was where the soldiers illustrated their ability to yet follow the orders of their old cominander. Every basket, and they were legion, was filled to overflowing, and no person had cause to hungry.

At 1.30 o'clock Gen. Beaver again rapped for order and the reports of the committees were read. On place of meeting next year Comrade S H Williams, chairman, reported unanimously in favor of Hunter's Park. So voted. Our officers Comrade Michaels, chairman, reported for President, Jas. A Beaver; vice presidents, George M Boal, W C Patterson; treasurer Austin Curtin; Secretary, John C Miller All were unanimously elected.

Gen Beaver then made a brief introductory speech, and read a number of letters of regret received from various prominent men who had invited, after which he introduced Judge John M Green, of Butler, Pa. Judge Green made a very interesting address. The next speaker introduced was Senator Harry A Hall of the Pittsburg *Times* staff. Mr. Hall although a comparatively young man, is a good talker and made a speech of the day. He was loudly applauded and it seemed as if the crowd would not let him stop talking. Other addresses were made by Robert A Cassidy, Mayor of Canton, Ohio; T R Rynder, of Erie, Pa., and a number of others, representatives of the various companies regiments represented. Music was furnished by the Milesburg, Pine Grove Mills and State College bands and the Bellefonte drum corps. Quite a large number of new members were taken into the Club.

In the afternoon the Bellefonte League team and the home second nine played a game of ball on the grounds, which was enjoyed by a large crowd. All in all the day was one of the most interesting as well as pleasant that anyone could wish, and demonstrated clearly to the old soldiers that they had many friends and sympathizers among the younger generations now growing into manhood.

LETTER LIST

Following are the letters uncalled for in the post-office, Bellefonte, Pa., September 4, 1893.

David Bailey; Harry Bressler; John Clark; Ed Harson; Miss C. Kirk; Lojanu Ludveku.

When called for please say advertised.

J. A. FIEDLER, P. M.

Bellefonte Markets.

Red Wheat, per bushel	$ 62
Mixed wheat per bushel	60
Buckwheat, new, per bushel	40
Rye per bushel	60
Corn (shelled)	50
Corn (ears)	45
Oats	35
Barley	48
Cloverseed, fair to good	$ 40
do prime and extra prime	9.00
do choice	9 60
Flour, retail, per barrel	5.00
Flour, wholesale	4 40
Hay choice mixed, per ton	10 00
" prime timothy " "	11.00
" choice " " "	12.00

Provision Markets.

Corrected weekly by Eureka Grocery.

Apples, dried, per pound	5
Green apples, per bushel	80
Cherries, dried, per pound, seeded	10
Dried Currants, per pound	10
New Raisins, per pound	10 — 13
Beans, per quart	10
Fresh Butter, per pound	25
Cheese, per pound	16
Country Hams, per pound	15
Hams, sugar cured	18
Shoulders	17
Breakfast Bacon	17
Country Bacon	16
Lard, leaf, per pound	16
Lard, country, per pound	12
Eggs, per dozen	15
Potatoes, per bushel	85
Dried Beef	25
Canned Beef, 2 pound can	25
Country Side, per pound	10
Canned Tomatoes, per can	12—15
Canned Corn, per can	13½—18
Lemons, per dozen	30
Oranges, per dozen	40—80
Dried sweet Corn, per pound	10
Apple Butter, per gallon	8
Roller Flour, per sack	1 25